

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.  
A. H. SANBORN, }

102 THAMES STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its hundred and thirty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It is published weekly, except on Sundays, and is printed in the English language. It is a large and complete newspaper, containing local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable. It is a household necessity in this and other cities, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various newsrooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew H. Melick, President; Daniel J. Gault, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays, 7:30.

ADMIRAL THOMAS DAVIS, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays, 7:30. Members: Charles B. Bodd, Adjutant; Marshall W. Hall.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor; Commander Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays, 7:30.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, D. R. of R.—K. of R. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays, 7:30. Members: Louis W. Kravitz, Secretary; Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 22, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis L. Lack, President; Louis W. Kravitz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

L. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE, President, Joe. Daniels, Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

## Local Matters.

### Peleg Bryer Retires.

As a result of the big fire last Sunday morning, Mr. Peleg Bryer, probably the oldest active businessman in Newport, has retired. For some months he had been disposing of his stock with the intention of retiring soon, and the destruction of his building served to bring his long business career to a close. Mr. Bryer formerly conducted the largest and best grocery in Newport. The stone building on Broadway which he stocked with an immense line of groceries for those early days, was built for a soap factory by the late Sanford Bell, and after his failure, Mr. Bryer and his brother William bought the building in 1854 and started their big store. Of late years Mr. Bryer's increasing age had made it necessary for him to curtail his activity and a few years ago he erected an addition on the south side of his stone building and moved his store into that. He had lately remodelled the larger store in the expectation of renting it. The old building was well built, as is attested by the heavy stone walls still standing in what was the hottest part of the fire.

The board of aldermen held its final meeting of the year on Thursday evening, when considerable business was transacted. A resolution of thanks to George Gordon King, for his gift to the city of a site for a park, was adopted and ordered engrossed, although the matter of formally accepting the gift will have to go to the representative council. A proposition was presented from Joshua Stacy and others interested in the land adjoining the present city quarry to lease their property to the city on the same royalty as is at present paid. Routine business was transacted.

Although the big fire of Sunday used up a lot of water there is no immediate danger of a shortage in the supply, although the water is still below high water mark. The total precipitation during the month of December was about six and one half inches, which is more than double the average for that month.

There will be at least four vacancies to be filled at the meeting of the representative council next week. Richard D. Graham of the first ward delegation has died, and William McLeod of the second, and Daniel B. Fenling and John J. Keenan of the fourth have resigned.

Hon. F. P. Garrison has retired from the Newport store of F. P. Garrison & Co., and has turned the business over to the clerks who have been associated with him for a number of years. He will continue to make his home in Newport.

A subscription list has been started for the benefit of a few families who were made absolutely destitute as a result of the big fire last Sunday morning. Mr. Harry A. Titus is the treasurer of the fund.

Senator and Mrs. R. Livingston Beckman gave a New Year's dance for their servants at their Providence estate on Tuesday evening.

### Newport's Worst Fire.

The Starting in the Weaver Building Resulted in Loss of Three Lives and Eight Buildings and the Partial Destruction of Many More—Neighbors, Paid Strikers, Removed Their Property—Altogether, Station Helps to Quell the Conflagration.

The loss of three human lives, the total destruction of eight buildings, and partial destruction of four more, and minor damage to a great many other buildings was the result of the worst fire in Newport's history early last Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Heath and William Russo met their death in the terrible riot of flames. The big four-story building of the George A. Weaver Company is absolutely obliterated. The heavy stone walls of the old substantial Peleg Bryer building alone mark the site of that structure. The historic old Governor Bull house, the oldest building in the State, is a heap of ruins. The long wooden structure occupied by a blacksmith shop by Gustava H. Bloom and a plating mill by M. A. McCormick is burned to the ground. The three-story concrete tenement building on Bull street, belonging to Constant Smith and his smaller residence on Spring street and the two cottages of James S. Kane on Spring street and Moffitt court fell as prey to the flames. Another building belonging to Constant Smith, at the corner of Bull and Spring streets was badly burned in the rear, while the Wilber cottage behind the plating mill suffered serious loss. A portion of the roof of the Cornell building was burned off and the house was thoroughly soaked with water. The buildings opposite the Weaver building on Broadway lost much glass and were considerably charred, while there were innumerable household goods and furniture lost by sparks. Many of the residents of Bull and Sherman streets removed their household goods and hurried to the street in the firm belief that their property was doomed.

It was without question the worst fire in Newport's history. For a time it seemed as though the efforts of the Newport fire department could not possibly prevent the flames from sweeping over miles of congested property. The vast crowd that watched the terrible scene in awe was in constant apprehension lest the sparks should start other conflagrations that the department would be powerless to handle. It had been rumored that help had been asked from Fall River and every clang of an engine bell caused the spectators to hope that the expected aid had arrived. When at last the fire brigade from the Training Station marched into City Hall square dragging their powerful steam fire engine and their hose reels equipped with much-needed hose, a spontaneous burst of applause arose. The Fall River help was not requested and Chief Kirwin and his able department were finally able to subdue the flames with no other help than that from the Government station. It was a bitter fight that they had, in the midst of a heavy southwest wind, and they deserve all the praise that could possibly be bestowed for their final victory.

The fire originated in the big Weaver building on Broadway, in the lower part of the building. At 12:30 Sunday morning there was no sign of fire in the building to those who passed along the street. A few moments later a light was seen inside and before the alarm could be struck flames had burst out and were pouring into the blacksmith shop across the street. Several persons saw the outbreak at about the same time. Men ran to box 23, but it could not be pulled and several telephone messages were sent to headquarters to strike the box from there. This was followed by a general alarm as soon as the Chief arrived upon the scene.

When the first apparatus reached the fire, the Weaver building was a mass of flame, and the fire was pouring into the Allen building across Stone street, the buildings across Spring street, and the Bryer building on the north, while the buildings on the west side of Broadway although on the opposite side of the fire were already beginning to smoke. Those first on the scene bent their efforts toward arousing the occupants of the houses. In the Allen building, the family of William B. Fillebrown was aroused, and Mrs. Fillebrown's father, who is advanced in years and in feeble health, was carried out carefully and taken into Peleg Bryer's house. It was at first thought that he might not withstand the shock. There were several families in the old Bull house and these were aroused and warned to get out quickly. In some way, however, Mr. and Mrs. Heath failed to make their escape and their bodies were found in the ruins the next day. They were both aged and it is probable that they became confused in the excitement.

It was thought that everybody else escaped in safety, but later in the day it became known that William Russo, who roomed in the Kane house, was missing. Even then it was not so

thoroughly believed that he had perished in the fire, but Tuesday morning a careful examination of the ruins was made and his body was found in the basement of the cottage. He was a barber by trade, about 22 years old, and had been married only a few months. The men of the fire department realized that they had the fight of their lives ahead of them and went to work with a will. Chief Kirwin placed his men and engines with judgment and as quickly as possible had streams pouring into the flames. There was practically nothing that could be done for the Weaver building and the other property received the most attention. The buildings on the West side of Broadway were kept wet down, as the paints and oils and other inflammable substances in the Weaver building made the heat even at that distance highly dangerous. On Stone street the Allen building was burning and three men worked behind an old wagon top as a shield from the heat, but Perry B. Dawley was overcome and had to be carried out of what was probably the hottest place in the whole fire.

The real danger, however, was in the north east. Flames shot through the lumber mill and that was soon a raging furnace, threatening the direct route to the buildings beyond it. The Kane buildings and the old Bull building were burning fiercely. The Smith residence caught early and threatened the corner building occupied by Dr. Sanford and the spectators thought it must surely go. The roof of the Cornell building burned up a number of times and the streams did not seem to reach the fire. On the east of the Sanford residence was the big concrete building of Conehott Smith, and it was hoped that this might check the progress of the fire. In a short time however fire was seen running along the edge of the roof and quickly the building was a mass of flames. Fortunately however it burned from the roof downward and did not make as hot a fire as it would if starting at the bottom. On the east of this was the small cottage occupied by T. J. Mulachy, covered with a slate roof, and here the fire received its first check in that direction. The cottage was only a few feet from the concrete building and it seemed as if it must go, but the heroic efforts of the firemen saved it.

The Cornell building looked dangerous as the fire spread along the roof but at last the men were able to get up there with the hose and the volume of water served to finally drown it out. How the Sanford residence escaped seems a miracle as the fire burned directly around it and at times the rear blazed fiercely, but when the progress of the fire was checked the building still stood.

On the Sherman street side, the fight was anything but hard on the Bull street side. The lumber mill made a fearful hot fire and behind it stood other wooden buildings which seemed certain to go. The department concentrated at this point a large portion of its force of men and engines and finally subdued the flames.

The sky was illuminated for hours and the blaze could be seen for miles. The sparks and blazing fragments were carried through the air for a long distance and it seemed as if they must do immense damage. The residence of Dr. Darragh on Bull street was continually deluged with burning embers, as thick as the flakes in a driving blizzard, and other houses were not less threatened. That the roof fire did not prove more serious was due largely to a vast army of volunteers who ascended to the roofs of all the buildings in the threatened district and worked with buckets and blankets to keep the shingles free from fire. There were two still alarms sent in for roof fires a long distance from the real fire. There were many volunteers to assist in removing furniture and other articles from the threatened buildings. Their efforts were well meant and were received with kindness, but in many instances it was mistaken work. One property owner appealed to the helpers to let his property stay but he could not stop them, so he met much loss from the removal of his goods while it would not have been suffered from fire if allowed to remain. The City Hall lawn was covered with household furniture and a guard was placed over it by the police.

It was a little after 12:30 that the fire was discovered but it was not until nearly four o'clock that it began to be felt that the worst was over. An immense crowd of people had assembled but the heat was so great that the police had little difficulty in keeping them out of the way of the firemen. That there were no fatalities among the men of the department seems remarkable in view of the risks they took, but although several men were temporarily overcome by the heat there were no serious injuries. In the early stages of the fire, falling wires added to the danger but the power was quickly turned off and before it was again turned on the dangerous wires were cut and removed. For some time that sec-

tion of the city had no other illumination than that of the flames, and the power was cut off from the street cars, the last Fall River being stalled on Broadway for some hours.

The basement of the Weaver building burned for hours after everything inflammable had apparently been consumed, due probably to the paints and chemicals contained in the building. Sunday afternoon a pungent smoke gave evidence of fresh chemicals burning and even after the drenching rain of Monday there was still smoke from the ruins the next day.

A correct estimate of the loss would be difficult to reach. It has been placed as high as \$250,000 but this is undoubtedly considerably too much. In fact it is doubtful if the actual loss will reach \$175,000, but that is a big loss. The most valuable property was probably the Weaver building, but there was insurance on this building and contents to the amount of more than \$70,000. How much more than that the property was worth it would be difficult to say. The largest personal loss was M. A. McCormick. His loss is estimated as considerably in excess of \$15,000 on which there was not a penny of insurance, the rate being practically prohibitive. Gustava H. Bloom had no insurance on his blacksmith property and lost everything. The other buildings were partially insured though not nearly enough to cover the loss. Many of the occupants had no insurance on their personal belongings and lost everything. The buildings that were damaged but not destroyed were probably sufficiently protected by insurance to cover the damage.

### NOTES OF THE FIRE.

The big chimney of the Weaver building was pulled down as soon as the fire cooled sufficiently to get at it, as it was regarded as a menace. The upper walls of the Bull street building of Constant Smith were also pulled down as they were swaying in the wind.

The buildings on the westerly side of Broadway lost practically all their front windows from the heat. It was quite a task to replace them, but men were on the job Wednesday morning as soon as the insurance was adjusted. Incidentally it was quite a job for the adjusters, as the number of policies was large. The insurance men began on the Weaver loss on Friday and the adjustment is expected to take some days, as the stock books will have to be looked over.

M. A. McCormick has opened an office on Bellevue avenue and will do his mill work on Merton road, for a time at least. The Weaver Company has opened a temporary office in the Realty building. No plans have as yet been made for rebuilding any of the structures. It has been suggested that the city take all the land bounded by Broadway, Spring street and Stone street and throw it into the highway, thus avoiding the dangerous corner at Bull street. The only building now standing on this tract is the Cornell building, and that is considerably damaged.

James S. Heath, who perished with his wife, was a veteran of the Civil War, and a member of the G. A. R. Funeral services for Mr. and Mrs. Heath were held at the Belmont Chapel on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes officiating. The Grand Army ritual was conducted by the officers of Lawton-Warren Post.

William Russo, who lost his life in the fire, was apparently burned in his bed without awaking. He was an Italian by birth, 22 years of age, and a barber by trade. He had been married only a few months, unknown to his friends, and his death came as a great shock to his wife. His funeral was held on Wednesday and the remains were escorted to the grave by the Sons of Columbus, of which he was a member. His widow is a daughter of William O'Neill, residing on Green street.

The services of the Training Station men were not requested by the Newport department, but they were very welcome when they arrived, even though the fire was then practically under control. Chief Kirwin had every confidence in the ability of his men to check the fire and did not request any outside aid whatever.

The New Year was ushered in Tuesday night by the ringing of chimes and a prolonged whistling of steamers, whistles which drowned out the more pleasing sound of the bells. There were several gatherings to celebrate the passing of the old and the coming of the new, including a smoker at the Newport Yacht Club. The Red Men's Club held their annual dinner.

There was some lively scrapping between sailors on Washington square on New Year's eve, and Officer Gregory was considerably battered when he tried to quell the disturbance. In the police court the next morning four sailors were arraigned and fines were imposed and paid.

### Inauguration Next Monday.

Next Monday will witness the inauguration of the new city government in Newport, including the installation of the new Mayor, William McLeod. The inauguration ceremonies will not be materially different from those of previous years, except perhaps for the increased interest in the inaugural message of the new Mayor. There will probably be quite a large gathering at the noon session, but the real excitement will come in the evening when the contest for city officers will be in full swing.

The representative council will be called to order at noon next Monday by City Clerk Fullerton who will call for the credentials of the new members and will administer the oath of office to them. The first business will be the election of a chairman, and it is probable that this will precipitate the first contest. Mr. William R. Harvey will be a candidate for this office and will probably be opposed by Mr. John B. Sullivan. The new chairman will be sworn in by the city clerk, and he will then call for nominations for clerk. Thus far no opposition has been evidenced against E. N. Fullerton and it is probable that he will be unanimously re-elected. He will be sworn in by the chairman.

The Mayor, Mayor-elect and board of aldermen-elect will then enter the chamber. Mayor Bayle will administer the oath of office to his successor, William McLeod, who will in turn administer the oath to the board of aldermen. Prayer will be offered by the chaplain of the day, after which Mayor McLeod will deliver his inaugural address. The new chairman of the council will probably deliver a short address, after which a recess will probably be taken until 8 o'clock.

At the afternoon session, if the usual precedent is followed, there will be only routine business transacted, to start the municipal machinery for the year. There are a great many routine matters to dispose of at the first session, but if all goes smoothly this business can probably be transacted in a couple of hours, and after that adjournment will probably be taken until evening.

The real interest in the meeting will be manifested at the evening session, when the city officers will be elected. There have been many announcements of candidates for various positions and it is probable that at least one paper ballot will be required for nearly every office.

The important offices to be filled, with the present incumbents and their salaries, are as follows:

City Treasurer, John M. Taylor, \$2000.  
City Solicitor, Jeremiah A. Sullivan, \$1500.  
Street Commissioner, Jeremiah K. Sullivan, \$1500.  
Judge of Probate, John O. Burke, \$1000.  
Probate Clerk, Duncan A. Hazard, \$1500.  
Collector of Taxes, Edward W. Higbee, \$1800.  
City Engineer, William H. Lawton, \$1000.  
Inspector of Buildings, Mortimer D. Sullivan, \$1200.  
Assessor of Taxes (3 years), John E. O'Neill, \$400.  
City Physician, Francis A. Keenan, \$1500.  
City Sergeant, William E. Mumford, \$400.  
Inspector of Plumbing, Robert L. O'Neil, \$1200.  
Inspector of Nuts, George C. Shaw, \$800.  
Harbor Master, Thomas Shea, \$800.  
License Commissioner (3 years), Arthur B. Comerford, \$250.  
Superintendent of City Cemetery, Bowen B. Sweet, \$800.  
Assistant Engineer of Fire Department, Thomas S. Bowler, \$125.  
Gate Keeper at Elm and Fourth Streets, Thomas Donohue, \$600.  
Gate Keeper at Poplar and Fourth Streets, William H. Barker, \$600.  
Assistant Gate Keeper, Jeremiah O'Leary, \$500.  
City Bell Ringer, John Boylan, Frederick P. Lee, Henry B. Rice, Percy A. Peer, \$150 each.  
City Auditor, George W. Bacheiler, Jr., Abner L. Slocom, \$200 each.  
Overseer of the Poor, Robert Kerr, Edward S. Peckham, Philip E. Clark.  
Commissioner of Sinking Fund, William P. Clarke.  
Keeper of City Asylum, Ira W. Wilber, \$500.  
Member of Board of Health (5 years), Frank M. Greenlaw.  
Keeper of City Clock, George M. Simpson, \$50.  
Inspector of Kerosene and Sealer of Weights and Measures, John J. Connel.  
Dog Constable and Pound Keeper, George C. Hallock.  
Commissioner of Newport School Fund (3 years), Thomas P. Peckham.  
Commissioners of Henderson Home, Thomas B. Congdon, Ralph R. Barker, Rev. William B. Meenan, T. Fied Knoll, Darlus Baker.

For many of these offices there will be a bitter fight. The battle for street commissioner lies between Jeremiah K. Sullivan and former Commissioner James McLeish, and the friends of both are working energetically. There will certainly be contests for the offices of judge of probate, inspector of buildings, assessor of taxes, license commissioner, and for the three positions as gate keeper. In addition there will be other contests, and the session will be a long one.

There was a small gathering of Newporters at the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening for the purpose of taking preliminary steps towards forming a business men's association. Howard A. Ward was elected temporary chairman and Halsey J. Kelley temporary secretary. Matters were talked over informally and it was decided to make a campaign for members.

Miss Carrie T. Powell died very suddenly at her home on Mt. Vernon street on Sunday, following an attack of Bright's disease. She was a daughter of the late James C. Powell, and is survived by two sisters, Miss Charlotte A. Powell and Mrs. William J. Cozzens.

### Mercury Almanac Out.

Best Number Ever Published in That of This Year.

(Newport Herald)  
The Mercury Publishing Company issued Wednesday "The Newport Mercury Almanac" for 1913, and it may be truthfully said that it is the most useful and the most interesting of a long series of numbers. Mr. Harburt admits it is the company's best effort and there is strong corroborative evidence of this in an inspection of its pages.

There are many pages of useful data, such as the movement of the tides and the moon's phases, but the pictures are features. These are in half moon and have come out handsomely. There is a picture of the interior of the new St. Joseph's church, the new beach, the new bathhouse at Commodore Arthur Currier's, the Perry Memorial to be erected at Fort-Beaumont together with a description of it, and also a picture of the state house here decorated for the Perry day observance next September.

For several years the Mercury Almanac has been printed on the Mercury press in its entirety and this year it is more of a Newport affair than ever. The two tables are the tide tables of Newport and out of some central locality of the district and so they can be consulted upon by all who desire to know the condition of the water about Newport.

### The Mercury Almanac For 1913.

(Newport Daily News)

The Newport MERCURY ALMANAC for 1913, edited by Alvin H. Sanborn and printed by the Mercury Publishing Company, was ready Wednesday. This is the thirty-eighth year, and certainly its best year. The calendar section has been especially prepared for Newport and contains the tide tables, with the yearly chronology underneath. There are some handsome Newport pictures by Olin, including one of the beach and one of the interior of the new St. Joseph's Church, both of which are new. There is also much useful information, including a list of members of the Representative Council and other local facts, making it a handy book.

This handsome MERCURY ALMANAC, which is without question the finest and most valuable ever issued, will be sent, postage prepaid, to every subscriber to the Mercury upon payment of his subscription. Don't wait until the middle of the summer before you get it; you need it now.

The big Fall River mill recently reached Newport, the men accused of participation in the big robbery being arraigned to court here. The Shove Mill, which is on the Rhode Island side of the line in North Tiverton, has lost a large quantity of cotton waste. Fall River papers state that Superintendent Richardson of the mill was accused of complicity in the robbery and was summarily discharged. The next morning he was found dead in bed. Warrants were procured for the arrest of James Holden, Felix Breault and J. William Dacey, and they were brought to Newport. In the District Court here they entered pleas of not guilty to the charges preferred against them and bail was fixed at \$15,000 each on two charges against each of them. The cases were continued until January 10.

The new State government will be inaugurated with the usual ceremonies at the State House in Providence next Tuesday. It is expected that there will be quite a delegation up from here to be present at the inauguration. For a number of years past, Representative Horace N. Hazard of Newport has had the honor of calling the House to order and presiding until the election of a Speaker, but by his retirement this year this duty will devolve upon some one else. Representative Fletcher Lawton seems to be the man indicated by law, but the Providence papers have intimated that Representative John B. Sullivan will contest for the honor. This report is believed to be without foundation.

The will of Mrs. Robert Goeler, who died in Paris a few weeks ago, has been filed in the Probate Court here. Her son, Robert Walton Goeler, is made the sole beneficiary, and is also named as executor of the will without bond. The estate is one of the largest in the country.

There was a small gathering of Newporters at the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening for the purpose of taking preliminary steps towards forming a business men's association. Howard A. Ward was elected temporary chairman and Halsey J. Kelley temporary secretary. Matters were talked over informally and it was decided to make a campaign for members.

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Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., chaplain of the Newport Artillery, will deliver the annual sermon to that command at Emmanuel Church to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The members of the company have been requested to bring their families and friends.

# SHEMANDOAH

By  
**HENRY TYRRELL**  
Founded on  
**BRONSON HOWARD'S**  
Great Play

## A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing

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### CHAPTER III.

#### Parting of the Ways.

A STRANGE feeling of excitement, something like exhilaration, was in the air at Charleston that morning of April 12, Henry Clay's birthday, as more than one of the Ellingham household had remarked. In a way that cannot signal roaring against Sumter had come as a relief to the general tension not only at the South Carolina storm center, but everywhere, north and south. It was the decisive beginning of what all now knew to be inevitable war.

When Colonel Haverill reflected upon the calamity pending over the country, his own personal griefs and annoyances sank into insignificance. It was the same with the elderly southerners, and the personal greetings and congratulations of that day were marked by grave courtesy and kindness.

From earliest daybreak every available place on the harbor side was thronged by ladies and gentlemen, old and young, white folk and black, viewing the spectacle of the bombardment. Troops came pouring into Charleston, but were held in reserve, the forces already manning the score of batteries now in action against Sumter being more than ample. Civilians of various descriptions were arriving from all directions on horseback, afoot and in every species of antiquated or improvised conveyance. Far out seaward could be described the vessels sent by the Federal government for the relief of the beleaguered fortress, and it was rumored that they would still make an attempt to throw reinforcements into the place.

Meanwhile Major Anderson, within the fort, had withstood his fire until long after daylight, when parapets were knocked down and breaches began to appear in the masonry of the walls where the thirteen inch shells from the mortars struck, and smoke and flames from burning sheds told of havoc wrought within.

When he was "good and ready," as they said, Anderson opened fire with three barbette guns and stirred up the Confederate batteries on Mount Pleasant and Cummings point like a hornet's nest. Then he brought into action the two tiers looking toward Fort Moultrie with such effect that several of the latter's guns were eventually silenced.

The firing continued all day and interminably through the night. Sumter had no ammunition to waste. One of her magazines had been exploded by the Confederate shells. The latter were persistently directed in an attempt to carry away the colors, but all day these defiantly waved, and when the morning of the 18th dawned the flag was still there. At last, about noon of that second day, a successful shot aimed and the flag, which had been hanging by a single balyard, fell. One of the enlisted men was quick to raise it again, replacing the shattered flagstaff with a spar.

In that brief interval Major Anderson's fire having of necessity ceased, the Charlestonians concluded that the fort had surrendered. Senator Wigfall, in the name of General Beauregard, put forth in a boat and went to offer Anderson the most favorable terms of capitulation—evacuation with permission to salute the flag and to march out with the honors of war, with their arms and private baggage. Under these conditions his brave defense having won him the best possible terms and knowing that further resistance would mean useless sacrifice of life, Major Anderson without humiliation hoisted the white flag over Sumter and entered into negotiations for the surrender of the fortress.

President Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops to suppress the rebellious combination of the southland and to "cause the laws to be duly executed."

"Lieutenant West," said Colonel Haverill, landing his young officer a stamped paper, with full military formality, "I have secured the necessary passports north—here is yours. I am ordered direct to Washington and shall start with Mrs. Haverill at once. You will report to Captain Lyon of the Second regiment in St. Louis."

With what a different manner of paternal tenderness did the colonel lay his hand on the shoulder of Lieutenant Robert Ellingham, as if he hated to speak the words that meant a long farewell.

Bob felt less restraint in going over the same ground again when the time of leaving came for him and Kerchival.

"Our state is to be the chief battle ground, according to present predictions," he said, with the weight of fifty years suddenly added to his stature as a Virginian. "But every loyal son of Virginia will follow her flag. It is our religion."

"That may be all right for you, Bob—I am not blaming you," responded Kerchival. "But my state is New York. If New York had gone back on the old flag—your father's and mine—New York might go to the devil. That's my religion."

They walked out, Robert and Madeline, along the battery wall by the sea, in silence, as if by mutual rendezvous.

"This is the last we shall be together for the present, anyway, Miss Madeline," poor Bob began.

"I'm afraid so," murmured Madeline. "But we shall meet again—some time," he went on desperately; "that is, if we both live."

"If we both live?" repeated Madeline, in an awestricken tone. "Oh, Robert, you mean if you live, I suppose. So you are going, too, into this dreadful war, is it?"

"Yes, Madeline, I must. It is fate—yours and mine together— isn't it, dearest girl? You don't deny it, and that gives me courage. You know what duty means. And you know what love means, too, don't you? Madeline, I do love you. I shall always love you, come what may. There, fate has granted me this much—allowed me to tell you how I love you—and nothing can take this moment away from us at least, thank God! And I have the strongest kind of faith in me now that our story isn't going to be cut short here. It may be interrupted. We've got to be tried by fire, maybe, but I can stand it if— You will think of me, won't you, Madeline?"

"I shall keep watch upon fate."

For the rest of their time together, their silences were more eloquent than their words.

Lieutenant Kerchival West passed through one more dramatic scene before quitting Charleston.

In an obscure tavern by the water front he found Frank Haverill, a sincere, young desperado, whose bold, dissipated look had something strangely attractive about it and whose gentlemanly speech and manner belied a certain affection of hardihood and bravado.

All this latter was swept away by the sudden, violent wave of emotion that visibly rushed over his whole being when West delivered Mrs. Haverill's message and handed him the lock of containing the portrait miniature.

With an oath on his lips and tears running down his hardened face he cried out hoarsely:

"I've been a fool, an ungrateful dog, and I've deserved jail and worse. And I'll stand the gaff and not blame any one but myself either. But, by heaven, I'm glad now that you settled with that Thorator before I got to him. And I came down here to Charleston to seek him as a friend! Now, listen, Lieutenant West, and I want you to tell this to my father and to my dearest mother, for she is that—here he kissed the miniature, fervently—"tell them that I deserve the worst that can happen to me, but that I didn't desert my wife."

"Poor girl! She only allowed that story to go out in order to throw them off the track and help me to escape, as I did. Now she will know that the colonel and Mrs. Haverill know the truth, and that will comfort her more than the money they are sending her. God bless them! And it would comfort me, too, if anything could, but nothing can, except one thing, and that is fight and plenty of it. I want to fight my way back to self respect, to honor, and show those who have stuck by me that I'm worth saving after all. No matter what happens, thank God I've still got freedom to fight!"

"Do you mean that you'll enlist?" asked West.

"Yes—yes, lieutenant. I can't get to Washington quick enough."

"In the Federal army, of course?"

"Surely—in the fight for the Union."

"Butly for you, Frank!" cried the officer, impulsively grasping the boy's hand. "That will be splendid news for the colonel!"

The somber scowl overspread Frank Haverill's face again. He rose to his feet and said earnestly:

"No, lieutenant West, I charge you, upon honor, not to tell my father—not to tell any one—but to keep this secret between ourselves. It will be time enough for them to know when I have proved myself a man again. Lieutenant, I am going to Washington to enlist. But that is all that will be known about me for the present, perhaps forever. Even if you hear of me in the days to come it won't be under the name of Frank Haverill."

"I am going to start all over again under a new name, which won't have a spot of dishonor on it, and Uncle Sam and Father Abraham Lincoln will have a brand new recruit, born today. Do you understand, lieutenant? That sweet lady, heaven's own angel mother to me, has stooped down and grabbed me out of hell, and she shall yet have reason to be glad that she did so or my father will never set eyes on his son again!"

When Colonel Haverill arrived in Washington, which at that period had not yet outgrown the aspect of a shiffling, overgrown Virginia town, he found it transformed into a vast, chaotic military camp. Every incoming train from Baltimore or from the west brought its regiment of raw recruits, who were driven like cattle to the barracks and drill grounds on the Potomac flats, near the end of the Long Bridge and within sight of the steeples and roofs of Alexandria, where on a clear day the southern flag could be seen from the very windows of the White House, floating defiantly.

While Washington was getting ready to send the Army of the Potomac to invade Virginia, Robert Ellingham reported to General Lee in Richmond, 115 miles to the southward, and found the new Confederate capital likewise seething with activity.

Lee was exercising all his energy, sagacity, skill and experience in the tour de force of sending an equipped army to Johnston and Beauregard in the field at the threatened points. From one of these points, the great valley of Virginia lying between the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah mountains, he had called Colonel Thomas Jonathan Jackson, an eccentric Presbyterian professor at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, and who in the first brief month since the breaking out of the war had developed aggressive qualities calculated to attract the attention of the authorities at Richmond.

Lieutenant Ellingham, promoted to captain, naturally gravitated to the new brigade of Jackson, who was now elected to the rank of brigadier general.

ated by the volunteers. The regiments of his brigade were composed of the very flower and pride not only of the valley but of the whole commonwealth of Virginia, and even before Jackson's troops took the field they had already begun to receive the impress of the iron hand of their leader.

Their first destination was Manassas Junction, the point of union of the railroad coming into Virginia from Washington with a branch road leading into the Shenandoah valley. General Lee had pointed out that this strategic point would in all probability be the first battlefield in the move to check the Federal advance toward Richmond, and he now concentrated all available forces there.

On a small stream called Bull Run, some thirty miles southwest of Washington, Beauregard awaited the arrival of McDowell. The banks of this stream are abrupt and densely wooded, but it is fordable in numerous places, and at that time was crossed on the Centerville and Warrenton turnpike road, below Sudley church, by a stone bridge.

It was on a bright, sultry Sunday morning of mid-July that the two armies of brothers—disrupted members of a family republic that had held together for three generations—first emerged in serried battle lines six miles long from the mysterious Virginia forests on either side of Bull Run and rushed forward to fight breast to breast for victory.

The Federal plan of operations, credited to the still masterful Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, started with the planting of an entire division of fully 15,000 men in the rear at Centerville, to protect the communications. Colonel Haverill's regiment, to his intense chagrin, was here, helplessly detained. Another division, in which General Buckthorn's brigade was included, marched ahead to make the opening demonstration at the stone bridge, while two others crossed at the Sudley and other fords, to concentrate on the southern bank of the stream and flank Beauregard's left.

This seemed an admirably clear and simple plan at 8 o'clock in the morning. Before noon it was an obliterated memory, and the wide arid plateau over which the battle spread like a fire in the brushwood swarmed with confused masses of northern and southern troops reeling to and fro, alternately taking and losing and retaking the same positions half a dozen times over, all lives indistinguishable in dense and lurid clouds of smoke, through which artillery guns and caissons dashed madly, while the thunder of cannon and the



Long Bridge Over the Potomac.

sustained crash of musketry reverberated in diabolical concert from the low lying hills around, and near and far arose, mingled with the human-like neighing of horses and the hoarse shouts, yells, cheers and commands, the horrible shrieks and groans of wounded and dying.

Before his horse was killed and himself knocked senseless by the explosion of a shell Heartsease saw General Buckthorn fall in the grand charge that drove back the South Carolina legions of Hampton and Bee. He also became aware of another brigade near the enemy's center that did not give way, but stood its ground stubbornly and then turned aggressor. It dashed over Heartsease's mind at the time that one or two more commands like this one would make Beauregard hard to whip, not knowing that this was the unique First brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, under Jackson.

Bob Ellingham, galloping along the little wooded crest on the other side of the stone bridge, knew all about this brigade. He saw General Bee check and rally his scattered forces by pointing with his sword and shouting:

"Look at Jackson there standing like a stone wall!"

Jackson's brigade on the artillery swept plateau of Manassas was playing the part of the Imperial guard of Napoleon at Austerlitz, but without the prestige or the inspiration of apparent success. At a late hour of the afternoon neither side knew whether it had lost or won. In point of fact, one had about the same right to be routed as the other. Beauregard was tearing about the field at every portion of the lines, his dark creole face burning with animation as he shouted encouragement to his troops, savage-looking troops, who responded with the blood-curdling "rebel yell" of the southern swamp rangers.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Virginians.

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON—the ranking Confederate officer, but who had intrusted the immediate command to Beauregard on account of the latter's familiarity with the country—was able to keep from his headquarters something like a general outlook over the field and received intelligence just as a final attack was preparing that "a Federal army" had come up and was advancing upon his rear. This should have been the Union reserves from Centerville, but it was not. It was General Kirby Smith of the Army of the Shenandoah arriving with 1,700 fresh infantry. The whole southern line now advanced to the charge, and the combined attack upon the Federal

bank and front was decisive enough to turn the tide of battle from uncertainty to sudden panic. The lines of blue wavered and broke, fell back from the plateau, across the Warrenton pike and on toward the Bull Run fords. The republic became a rout, the rout grew like an appalling avalanche of defeat. The Federal advance on the southern side of Bull Run had seen a regiment



The Repulse Became a Rout, an Avalanche of Defeat.

moving toward them, but were told it was a New York regiment which had been expected for support, and the artillerymen withheld their fire. Suddenly there came a fearful explosion of musketry, which in an instant changed the scene into one of hideous courage. Death-stricken men with dripping wounds were clinging to caissons, which frantic horses dragged pell-mell through the infantry ranks and over the prostrate bodies of the fallen. A caisson blew up and three horses galloped off with the burning wreck, dragging a fourth horse, which was dead.

Cannoneers lay hump across their guns, with rammers and sponges and lanyards still in their hands. Whole batteries were annihilated in a moment, and organization command was wiped out. "Those who could run, walk, limp, or even crawl, waited no longer, but dropped everything and got away from there."

On his hill at Manassas, after the final victorious charge, General Jackson had come nearer to the actual truth of possibility than he or any other Confederate knew when he cried out exultantly:

"Give me 10,000 men and I will be in Washington tonight!"

The dawn of Monday came, but the sun did not shine. In the hot, sultry, drizzling morning the defeated troops poured into Washington over the Long Bridge.

Some good citizens—but they were not in the majority—put out steaming wash kettles filled with coffee or soup for the forlorn boys. Among these good Samaritans was Jenny Buckthorn, surrounded by a staff of colored servants. Her father, severely wounded and captured by the enemy, had been recognized by his former comrade, General Beauregard, and as a personal courtesy had been exchanged for a wounded Confederate officer and al-



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Whole Batteries Were Annihilated.

lowed to proceed to Washington in an ambulance, attended by Colonel Haverill.

"Where is Heartsease?" was the first question Jenny asked her father after having ascertained that that stern parent was not dead.

"Don't ask me," muttered the old warrior. "This is no time for piques and dancing parties."

One especially miserable looking object drifted along about noon and stood as if dazed at the sight of food and drink and commiseration. His uniform might have been blue or it might have been gray—and and sausage were the prevailing hues. His shoes were heavy brogans tied with twine, and his naked and sore ankles showed that he was without socks. An old slouch hat was pulled over his face, and a tobacco bag hung from a button of his jacket, the collar of which was turned up to the chin, evidently to conceal the condition of the shirt—or the lack of one.

"You poor fellow!" said Jenny. "Tell me, were you in the cavalry?"

"Yes, Miss Buckthorn. Is it possible you do not recognize me? I must apologize for my appearance, but—"

"Great heavens! Is it yourself, Heartsease?" exclaimed the girl, with a little shriek. "Why, you look like a lumme!"

"Possibly this may serve to identify me," and he drew from the mysterious inner recesses a stained pocket, which proved to be a large silk handkerchief enveloping a dainty lace one.

Heartsease received his captain's

commission at the dinner table that same evening. After all, as the old general said, he was a regular and had



General George B. McClellan.

fought before he ran, and that was a contrast to many of the postiferous ready-made shoulder straps who had betrayed the brave volunteers and lost the fight for them, and who were now standing about unabashed, bringing to the barrooms.

Kerchival West, shortly after his arrival at St. Louis, was assigned to the army of southwestern Missouri, where in a short time he saw hard service in almost every line except that of actual fighting. A large addition had been made to the regular army and to fill vacancies in the new regiments rapid promotions among the officers already in service had occurred. In a few months' time West rose from second lieutenant to the rank of captain of infantry—an advancement which a year before could only have been gained as a reward of perhaps fifteen years of continuous service.

As weeks and months passed on it was possible to find a certain encouragement in the fact that the defeat of McDowell's army, while not utilized by the Confederates to its full military effect, nevertheless flattered them into a feeling of strength and security, resulting in comparative inactivity in the field for the better part of a year. At the north the effect produced was exactly the contrary. While the south was planning the organization of a new republic and even putting up the name of General Beauregard as a candidate for the presidential succession in such a way as to



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Lieutenant General Scott.

Incurred for that matter the cardinal distrust of Jefferson Davis forever afterward, the Federal government and the people of the northern and western states set to work with furious energy to counteract the reverses suffered in the beginning. Congress authorized the enlistment of half a million of men for three years, an increase of the army and stupendous loans with which to strengthen the sinews of war.

Lieutenant General Scott, now past seventy years of age, hung up his laurel sword and yielded the command of the Federal armies to a younger and more active officer, General George B. McClellan.

With two Federal armies ready to move into Virginia—that of McClellan at Washington and that under General Banks opposite Leesburg—to say nothing of considerable bodies of troops harassing the northern counties about the headwaters of the Potomac, the Confederate prospects for the spring of 1862 were decidedly threatening. To protect this portion of the state and to guard the lower Shenandoah valley against General Banks, the Confederate government determined to send a force to Winchester. This force, organized under the official title of the "Army of the Monocle," was placed under the command of "Stonewall" Jackson, now advanced to the rank of major general.

This was great news to the Ellinghams, not only for the naive reason that it seemed to them like throwing an impregnable guard around Belle Bosquet and the whole valley, but also especially because of Captain Robert Ellingham's part in the growing prestige of the "Stonewall" brigade.

The valley of Virginia comprised within that section of the Appalachian plateau bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge and on the west by a range of the Alleghenies called there the

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## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, January 4, 1913.

The Republican Senators say that the Democratic tariff tinkers will have full sway after March 4th.

January 1st is a legal holiday in every State in the Union with the exception of Massachusetts and Kansas.

As it is about time to get up on President Mellen and the New Haven road and look up some other object of attack? This performance is getting out of hand.

The Express Company thinks that the parcels post law will prove a failure. The Southern Express Co. proposes to meet the law by sweeping reductions in rates. The Adams does not propose to follow suit.

President elect Wilson during his two years term as Governor of New Jersey has not yet abolished a single trust and yet it is said that New Jersey is the most thoroughly trust ridden of any State in the Union.

There will probably be some disappointed people after the election of city officers by the representative council next Monday evening. There is a multiplicity of candidates and they can't all be elected.

If January should prove to be no worse than it already has been the month will not be a very bad one, but it will probably surprise us yet. The first two days of the month were more like October than January.

One cent out of each dollar of Capital employed in the manufacturing industries of this country is used in automobile production. The amount of money spent for automobiles would wipe out the entire national debt.

Newport's fire department has never been found wanting when put to the test. Last Sunday morning was a good test for any fire department, and it proved its efficiency. Without its good work half the city might have burned.

In maintenance charges the New Haven road has paid more money in the past years than any other of the big roads. Official figures show that the New Haven road ranks among the best maintained railroad systems in the country.

Exports of American manufactures this year will exceed a billion dollars in value, an increase of \$160,000,000 over 1911. The manufacturers, workmen and shippers of this country in recent years have been making more headway than any others.

President elect Wilson is having all the help he wants in selecting his political family for the next four years. More than three hundred names have already been "suggested" for his cabinet and the season for cabinet making is not yet fairly on.

The fees of the nine lawyers accompanying J. P. Morgan on his recent trip to Washington to testify before the Pujo committee amounted to \$85,000. What a windfall to the lawyers are all these investigations! But where does the benefit to the public come in?

The parcels post service was inaugurated at the Newport postoffice on January 1st, but as yet there has been no overwhelming rush to mail packages. A full description of the service, with rates of zones as they apply to Newport, will be found in the MERCURY ALMANAC.

The one man that set in motion this "rage" for mail taking, Congressional investigations, busting of trusts and a thousand other lines of disquiet now in existence, was Theodore Roosevelt. Can anyone show where the humble everyday citizen has received any benefit from all this?

It is said that the first vessel to go through the Panama Canal will make the passage September 25 next, the 40th anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific. In four centuries the world has seen some progress, but no Yankee is smart enough to guess what the next four will bring forth.

The Progressives in New Hampshire, as they are everywhere, have proved themselves to be simply resistant Democrats. They have enabled that party to elect its Governor to that state for the first time in many years; the same as they enabled the Democratic party to elect its President.

President Mellen says: "I have before denied having anything to do with the Grand Trunk construction plans, and have nothing further to say other than to persist in that denial." He claims that the sound lines of steamers are not a very profitable investment. He expects to have the road electrified from New Haven to New York in July.

A director of the New Haven road is quoted as saying: "President Mellen will remain at the head of the New Haven system if the United States can keep him, and, as his health is good, I expect that he will continue to remain many years. The directors have not discussed his retirement to go to the New York Central or anywhere else. The source of these malicious reports relative to President Mellen's retirement is clear, and we expect many more stories emanating from Boston the next few months. He might have died Providence also.

## The Newport Fire Department.

Thousands of persons stood on the street last Sunday morning, and with bated breath watched the spread of the flames in the greatest conflagration that Newport has ever known. To the spectators it seemed as if the flood progress of the fire would be marked by the loss of hundreds of buildings, instead of eight. When it was seen that the fire was checked a feeling of gratefulness to the valiant work of the men of the department permeated the breast of everyone to the vast throng. The department deserve the everlasting gratitude of the community. From Chief Kirwin, who ably placed his men and apparatus to get the utmost value from each, down to the newest fireman, who stood by his line where the gravest peril threatened, every man did his duty without fear or fatigue. The personnel of the department had again proved its worth.

But this feeling of gratitude should not be allowed to subside until the City of Newport has at least given to the men of the department suitable apparatus with which to work. The men do not seek a reward for themselves, but the acknowledgment of their worth which would be most acceptable to them would be to provide them with the equipment of which they are so much in need. The apparatus of the Newport fire department is not up to date, and there is no longer necessity for us to delude ourselves with the idea that it is. An automobile engine wagon is imperatively needed. Of course the necessary new hose will be supplied without a murmur, but the representative council should turn an attentive ear to any recommendations that Chief Kirwin may make for the improvement of his department, even though the expense be large. A powerful new steamer would not be amiss.

## An Illustrious Example.

The continued gossip—possibly inspired—about the entrance of Col. Bryan into the cabinet as secretary of state, suggests that possibly Gov. Wilson has been considering the life of the Great Emancipator. If so, it may not be too much to hope that he will seek to emulate Lincoln's example in other things as well as in making up his cabinet, says an Exchange. While this would be a disappointment to many of the spoils-of-office-fairly-won class, it would assure him a more satisfactory place in history.

Lincoln's chief opponent for the nomination in 1860 was William H. Seward, leader of the extreme abolition wing of the party. He was a radical, and extremely critical of Mr. Lincoln's conservatism and reluctance to take radical steps. Seward and the radicals of the party were for immediate abolition, and threatened to make endless trouble for the new administration and the new party. Lincoln solved the difficulty and commanded the support of the radicals by inviting Seward into his cabinet. Instead of a powerful and active critic on the outside, he had a energetic and earnest assistant on the inside, and under control. It was one of those many wise and unselfish acts which testify to the greatness of the Preserver of the Union.

While Col. Bryan is not a Seward, and while his various radicalisms are not such an issue as the abolition of slavery, nevertheless, Mr. Bryan as a free lance would certainly put many a puncture in the presidential hide and might as disrupt the party as to bring confusion and failure to the administration. If Gov. Wilson could Sewardize him by putting him in the cabinet and keeping his thumb on him, his horizon would brighten immensely. But Col. Bryan is not a Seward, as has been remarked, nor, as it is whispered, is Gov. Wilson a Lincoln. Yet he may be going to try to be. If he is going to try, his first move will be to invite the Nebraska fly into his parlor.

While the detail from the Naval Training Station was a very welcome aid to Newport's big fire, it would not be just to them nor to the Newport Fire Department to say that they saved the city from a limitless conflagration. At the time that they arrived on the scene, the fire was already under control, the Newport department having the situation well in hand at that time. There is no desire to disparage the work of the Government boys nor to insinuate that they were not welcome but the great fight was made and won by the Newport firemen alone. Some of the out of town newspapers, in their attempt to present readable matter to the public, have given all the credit to the Government forces.

The public service commission of the second district, New York, which has been investigating the condition of the lines and rails on the New Haven Railroad has reported that out of 150,000 ties examined, only 750 were found to be bad, and as these were scattered over a wide area they did not occasion a dangerous condition at any spot. The general conclusion is that the tracks are in a safe condition, and that the standards of construction and material are of a high order.

The N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. mileage books are now good on the entire Boston & Maine system and on the Boston & Albany. This will prove a great convenience to those whose business requires them to travel all over New England.

There is a big fight on in the Democratic State Central Committee which meets for organization next week. Owen F. Gallagher of Providence will oppose Judge Fitzsimmons as chairman and a battle royal is looked for.

## MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Christmas tree festival at the Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Friday evening of last week with an attendance of about 60. The absence of Mr. Reuben Wallace Peckham, who had charge of the program, and of several children, made a number of changes in the exercises necessary. Rev. E. E. Wells was in charge. An augmented choir rendered special music and there was congregational singing of many Christmas hymns. The evening passed pleasantly with recitations and dialogues by the children, after which gifts were distributed from a tree. Rev. Mr. Wells expressed much appreciation for the many remembrances which came to him and Mrs. Wells. The church was extensively decorated with holly and Christmas greens.

The churches of the Holy Cross and St. Mary's held their combined Christmas tree exercises on Friday afternoon at the latter church. Although the day was stormy, there was a good number present. The exercises were conducted by the rector, Rev. F. W. Goodman, and included familiar Christmas hymns, responsive readings and prayers. Rev. Mr. Goodman told the children, in an informal talk, about his Christmas last year while supplying in the Alaskan missionary station at Point Hope. In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Goodman, assisted by Mr. Henry I. Chase, superintendent of the Sunday Schools, distributed gifts and boxes of candy to the children and members of the Sunday Schools. The large tree was cared for by the Junior Branch Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Christmas greens were everywhere in evidence. Mrs. Clara Carr, wife of Dr. Carr of Newport, supplied as organist in the absence of Mrs. Hurley.

Rev. John P. Diman was the preacher at the morning service on Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Rev. Latta Griswold acting as celebrant at the service of Holy Communion.

Bishop Perry was the preacher Sunday at the afternoon service at the Holy Cross Church, and later made an address to the Sunday School at its special carol service which was held at the Guild House. The carols were prepared by Miss Arvesta Champlin and the exercises were conducted by Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester. The presents for the Sunday School were given out by the Bishop.

Middletown young people gave an enjoyable subscription dance on Monday evening at Oakland Hall. The bad weather somewhat hurt the attendance. The promoters were Messrs. C. Russell Peckham, William Truman Peckham, Donald Thompson, Marguerite Ritchie, Margaret and Catherine McDonald. Knowe's orchestra furnished music.

The Misses Elizabeth and Ruth Bailey, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Bailey, formerly of Middletown, now of New Bedford, are spending the holidays with their grandmother, Mrs. Kate Bailey.

Among those leaving on Sunday night for New York were Messrs. Jack and Sam Taylor who were home on their Christmas vacation, also Mr. E. Raymond Peckham; Mrs. Lilla Greenman and her grandson, Harris Peckham, who are to make a two weeks' visit with relatives in Brooklyn, and Dr. Joseph E. Farnum who accompanies Dr. Greene (son of Mr. Fred Greene), on a business trip to New York and Philadelphia. Mrs. Farnum and her daughter, Eleanor, are visiting Mrs. Farnum's mother, Mrs. Charles H. Ward.

The opening of the new year was observed by the Oliphant Club by a New Year's Social Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Kate Bailey. The committee comprises Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet and Mrs. John R. Coggeshall.

While there was sleighing on Christmas Day and for a few days after, the snow soon went. The weather this week has been very little different from that of the late fall.

Mrs. Edward E. Wells has been entertaining her sister, Miss Zella Goodell, a teacher at Swanton, Vermont.

Miss Mary Lydia Hart, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hart left on Wednesday for Boston where she will enter the Homeopathic Hospital at the Back Bay to take a three year's nurse's course.

It is expected that State Grange "Flora," Mrs. Edmund Spooner of East Greenwich, formerly a resident of Middletown and a charter member of Aquidneck Grange, will install the new officers of this Grange, Thursday next at the town hall. For the first time in its history this Grange will have a woman Master, Mrs. Mary Chase Spooner, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Edmund Spooner.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. George Faulkner who has been ill with grippe is now seriously ill with bronchitis.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Fish who has been seriously ill is somewhat better.

Mr. B. Archibald Chase who has been confined to his home by illness is able to be out again.

Mr. Benjamin Hall who has been seriously ill is able to be out a little although he has not recovered.

Mrs. Ella Fish who has been spending some time with her daughter Mrs. Harry Dale has gone to the home of her daughter-in-law Mrs. Anna Fish. It is hoped that the change will be beneficial to Mrs. Fish's health.

Mrs. Minnie Brophy has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. Clayburn Kirby of Westport, Mass.

Mrs. Townsend of Vermont who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moscomer is visiting in Twickenham.

Miss Fauny T. Clarke who has been spending several months with her sister Mrs. Eleonora Randall in Utica, N. Y., has returned. Mrs. Randall accompanied her sister here and will spend a week.

Miss Laurence, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. Newman Laurence of Wickford has been the guest of Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester.

Misses Fannie and Grace Hicks entertained the Bible class on Wednesday evening. Rev. Anson B. Howard gave the address.

Mrs. Perry G. Randall of Portsmouth with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neuge of Tiverton spent New Year's Day with Mr. and Mrs. Perry B. Anthony of Middletown.

Mrs. John Gorton who has been spending a fortnight with her mother Mrs. Sullivan of Fall River has returned to her home.

The Christmas exercises at the Methodist Episcopal Church last night in attractiveness because of the post-pose-

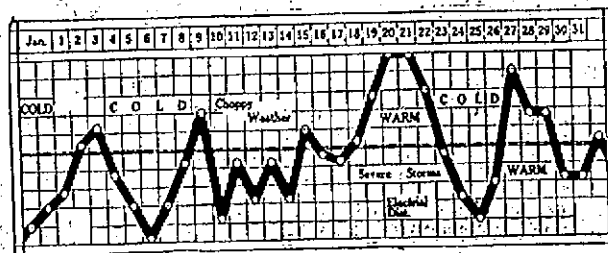
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## WEATHER BULLETIN.



The general average temperatures of January will be about normal, averaging colder than usual east of Meridian 90, warmer than usual between Meridian 90 and the Rockies and about or a little below normal on Pacific slope. Precipitation will be less than usual and less than usual average of snow fall. First half of month will have two or three cold waves and last half one or two. A great warm wave will cross continent 18 to 22. For greater details see weekly bulletin. Very severe weather 17 to 23.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and one or two days later for east of line.

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent January 7 to 11, warm wave 6 to 10, cool wave 9 to 13. This storm wave will average cooler than usual, but its warm wave will bring one or two days of warmer than usual weather. Not much precipitation east of Rockies. Some local snows in northern sections and cold rains in southern parts east of Rockies. Precipitation will be heavier west of the Rocky Ridge.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about January 12, cross Pacific slope by close of 13, great central valleys 14 to 16, eastern sections 17. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about January 12, great central valleys 14, eastern sections 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about January 15.

The decorations were very pretty, and the tree was all that a Christmas tree should be. Among those who took part in the exercises were—Ruth Bledy, Daniel Durfee, Alice Brayton, Violetta Yarrow, Roy Cross, Helen Royhauge, Benton Church, Robert M. Wyatt, Marjorie Borden, Myra Mosher, Howard Borden, Willie Smith, Victor Victorine, and Mrs. Robert M. Wyatt.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anthony entertained a family party recently, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Anthony of Jamestown, Mr. and Mrs. John Spooner and family of Middletown, Mr. and Mrs. George I. Anthony and family of Tiverton, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, Mrs. Fanny Anthony, Borden C. Anthony, Miss Clara Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Fish, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Fish of this town.

The Christmas services were held at St. Paul's Church on Friday evening, being postponed from Tuesday evening on account of the weather. Rev. Anson B. Howard conducted the services and William B. Anthony and E. Paul Anthony took charge of the distribution of gifts. Refreshments were served by a committee composed of Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman, Mrs. William B. Anthony and Mrs. David B. Anthony.

The annual Christmas tree was given at the Social Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening. About 200 were present. The studio was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens, palm trees and bells. On the platform were three Christmas trees loaded with gifts which were distributed to the children. Recitations and music formed the entertainment.

Mr. Frederick C. Clarke who has been in Virginia on a business trip has returned.

Miss Mary of Fall River is supplying at the Bristol Ferry School for Miss Sullivan. While the latter was spending her Christmas vacation with her parents in Fall River a case of diphtheria developed in the house and all were placed under quarantine.

A "watch-meeting" was held at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening. Rev. John Wadsworth conducted the services.

Bishop James DeWolf Perry was at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning and gave an address there.

The Young People's Club was entertained by its president Charles E. Boyd with a Christmas party on Monday evening. Music was furnished during the evening by an orchestra made up of Mrs. David B. Anthony, Mrs. Charles G. Clarke and Mr. Norman Rose. A salad supper was served.

The suggestion that the city should take over the tract of land bordered by Spring and Stone streets and Broadway, the scene of a part of the big fire, is an excellent one. As there is now but one building standing on this property—and that partially destroyed—the land could probably be secured at a reasonable figure. To throw this section into the highway would remove much of the danger from the traffic at the junction of Bull and Spring streets and Broadway. This is a very bad corner and there will yet be a fatality there.

The Boston & Providence Interurban Electric Railway Co. will petition the General Assembly for charter granting it permission to enter Providence from Boston, using a part of the right of way of the proposed Southern New England Railway line. Providence may yet get a railroad if only a trolley line.

Ex-Mayor Fletcher of Providence will sail today from New York for a six month trip to Europe.

## DONOVAN DEATH MYSTERY

Time, Place and Cause Not Yet Solved by Police Officials

Boston, Jan. 3.—The time, the place and the cause of the death of Mrs. Mildred Donovan of Revere, whose body was found near the Holy Cross cemetery in Malden Wednesday afternoon, is still a mystery which the police investigation has failed to solve. Three points have been brought out:

A street car conductor says James B. Jennings and Mrs. Donovan rode in his car Tuesday night, the woman getting off at Linden square at 7:45, walking up the Linden road alone. Jennings remained in the car.

Edward Gunderson, a motorman, saw Mrs. Donovan in Adams square, Boston, at 2 a. m. Wednesday morning.

Epilepsy is unofficially given as the cause of Mrs. Donovan's death.

The Malden police are firm in their belief that Mrs. Donovan's body was carried to the spot where it was discovered by teamsters. They believe it was dragged for some little distance and dropped in the shallow hollow beside the lonely road.

In the meantime Jennings is occupying a cell in the City prison, where he is charged with murder. William M. MacPherson, whom he shot New Year's day, died yesterday at the City hospital.

## PROBERS ARE BLOCKED

Pujo Committee Seeking Plan to Get Testimony of Rockefeller

Washington, Jan. 3.—A series of earnest conferences and a vast amount of digging into dusty tomes of law occupied the members of the house committee in their efforts to evolve a plan to secure the testimony of William Rockefeller, whom the sergeant-at-arms of the house has tried in vain to serve with a subpoena since last June.

Meanwhile Sergeant-at-Arms Riddell and a small army of deputies and private detectives camped about the New York home of the oil magnate.

# RICH BROKER KILLS

## WIFE AND HIMSELF

Had Recently Become Reconciled After Separation

Bellport, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Henry C. Edey, a wealthy retired Wall street broker, shot and killed his wife in their home on Great South Bay and then blew out his own brains. The murder and suicide followed by some six weeks Mrs. Edey's reconciliation with her husband, whom she left last summer.

Mrs. Edey, twelve years younger than her husband, left Bellport last summer and was gone until the latter part of November. On the same train which she took was a young man with whom she was acquainted. He has not made his home here since. Both Mr. and Mrs. Edey declined to discuss her stay out of town after she returned.

## GUILD OUT FOR SENATOR

Ambassador Authorizes Use of His Name to the End

Boston, Jan. 3.—In reply to a cablegram sent by Charles S. Baxter to Curtis Guild, ambassador to Russia, inquiring as to whether Guild had definitely authorized the use of his name as a candidate for the United States senatorship, Baxter received the following cablegram from St. Petersburg:

"I have already authorized the use of my name as a candidate for the United States senatorship, since you and others identified in the reforms in which we have worked together believe such use will further these and similar causes.

"Use my name and to the end. I cannot return personally to enter the contest, as I am bound in honor to remain in Russia until March 1."

Women Police For St. Paul  
St. Paul, Jan. 3.—Mayor Keller announces the appointment of two women as regular members of the St. Paul police department. They are Mrs. Margaret Kelly and Mrs. William Moore. They were sent out to watch dance halls.

Cigaret Smoking Not Allowed  
Buckhampton, W. Va., Dec. 30.—Two students at the West Virginia Wesleyan college have been expelled for smoking cigarettes, and the same punishment is said to be awaiting others reported as having violated the college order.

## A WOMAN COMPTROLLER

Miss Townsend Gets Atlantic City Job at \$1500 a Year

Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 1.—It is believed a precedent is established in municipal affairs of the country by the appointment of a woman as city comptroller here.

Miss Desale Townsend, 24 years old, received the appointment at a salary of \$1500 a year. She will have care of over \$3,000,000 and the sale of all the city's bonds. Her signature will be necessary for every cent paid out by the city.

Quake in North Carolina  
Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 2.—A distinct earthquake shock was felt here yesterday afternoon. The vibrations were from east and west and lasted about three seconds. No damage has been reported.

## Weekly Almanac.

JANUARY 1913 STANDARD TIME

	Sun	Sun	Moon	High	Water
rises	sets	rises	sets	sets	sets
1 Sat	7 15	4 23	6 01	6 06	6 35
2 Sun	7 15	4 27	6 01	6 03	6 24
3 Mon	7 15	4 28	7 01	6 01	7 12
4 Tues	7 14	4 28	7 01	6 01	7 05
5 Wed	7 14	4 30	8 01	6 01	7 53
6 Thurs	7 14	4 31	9 01	6 01	8 42
7 Fri	7 14	4 32	7 41	6 01	10 06

New Moon, 17th day, 5h, 23m, morning  
Full Moon, 15th day, 11h, 02m, evening  
Last Quarter, 22nd day, 10h, 40m, morning

## Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., Frank S. and Marg-

aret, in this city, 28th ult., William Ross, aged

27 years.

In this city, 28th ult., Mary A., wife of the

late Wm. Roche.

In this city, 28th ult., suddenly, Harry Til-

ley, 70 years, daughter of the late James O.

Powell and Ruth A. Powell.

In this city, 28th ult., at the residence of his

daughter, Mrs. Charles Gallagher, Michael

Sullivan.

In this city, 30th ult., Cora E., wife of

Schuyler C. Benson, aged 52 years.

In this city, 31st ult., Sylvester V., son of

the late Sylvester and Mary Hogan.

In this city, 1st inst., Mary E., daughter of

the late Mary and Dennis Egan.

In this city, Jan. 1, Josephine, wife of

Caleb Harris, aged 65 years.

In Middletown, 2nd inst., Robert G.

Wynt, aged 62 years.

In Long Island City, N. Y., 28th ult., George

R. Parker.

In Philadelphia, Pa., 28th ult., Louise L.

Eyre, widow of Wilson Eyre, of Pennsylvania.

In Providence, 28th ult., James Crowell, 56

years, widow of George S. Harard, 58

years, 28th ult., widow of John Crowley, 58

years, 28th ult., Walter A. Scott, 62; 1st inst., Whipple

Brown Bradley, 73.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka  
Harness  
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Mica  
Axle  
Grease

Sold by Dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York



## GOVERNOR OF GRANITE STATE

Felker Is Elected by Legislature on the First Ballot

### PROGRESSIVES SWAP VOTES

Hold Balance of Power and Turn It Over to Democrats For Governorship in Exchange For Speakership of House—Republicans Retain Only Three Minor Offices in Legislature

Concord, N. H., Jan. 3.—Thirty Progressives, combining with the Democrats in the legislature, last night elected Samuel D. Felker of Rochester, Democrat, governor of New Hampshire on the first ballot taken. This fusion resulted directly from the fight for speaker of the house, in which the Republicans and Democrats had been deadlocked, with the thirty Bull Moose voting solidly for their own candidate, William J. Britton of Wolfboro.

When vote after vote for speaker had been taken, the Progressives, holding the balance of power, and the Democrats agreed to swap, by which Britton was to be elected speaker and the Progressives were to turn their aid to Felker.

As a result, when the joint session came to a vote on governor, Felker won over Franklin Worcester, of Hollis, Republican, 222 to 191.

Earlier in the day, in the session of the house, Britton had won the speakership, 217 to 182, over Charles A. Perkins of Manchester, Republican.

As the constitution of the state requires the governor shall be inaugurated on the second day of the legislature's session, the rather unusual ceremony of administering the oath of office at 10:15 o'clock at night took place, the oath being administered by Enos M. Sawyer, president of the senate. The governor spoke briefly, announcing that he will deliver his formal inaugural address Tuesday.

The joint legislative convention last night also filled four vacancies in the senate, electing four Democrats to the open places and giving that party a majority in the upper house.

The Democratic-Progressive coalition also elected three Democratic councillors, making the council entirely Democratic. With this went the presidency of the senate to Enos K. Sawyer.

All that the Republicans retained in either branch of the legislature was the clerk and assistant clerkship of the house and the sergeant-at-arms.

Governor Bass gave his farewell address to the senate and house in joint convention, reviewing the accomplishments of the administration and urging a continuance of the progressive legislation passed by the last legislature.

### HAINES ASSUMES OFFICE

He Becomes Forty-Second Governor of the Pine Tree State

Augusta, Me., Jan. 3.—William T. Haines of Waterville, Republican, was inaugurated as forty-second governor of Maine with the usual ceremonies. He succeeds Frederick W. Platford, Democrat, whom he defeated for re-election.

The next proceeding of interest will be the election by the legislature of a United States senator to succeed Senator Gardner, Democrat, who was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Frye. Gardner's temporary term expires next March 4.

The election will come before the legislature, in separate branches, on Jan. 14, and before the joint convention of both branches the day following.

### FOSS IS INAUGURATED

Walsh, Democratic Lieutenant Governor, Proves Attraction

Boston, Jan. 3.—Governor Eugene N. Foss was made governor for another term in the presence of a large number of spectators, who gathered at the state house to see the ancient ceremonies observed. The affair was not lacking in novelty, for the inauguration of the lieutenant governor, David I. Walsh of Fitchburg, the first Democrat to occupy that position since Henry H. Childs held that office in 1813, interested Democrats and Republicans alike.

In fact, Walsh rather had the centre of the stage during the brief period of the actual inauguration ceremonies. He shared attention equally with the governor, which is notable in the record of inaugurations.

Baby Weighs 17 Ounces at Birth  
Aurora, Ill., Dec. 31.—A seventeen ounce baby girl was born in the city hospital here. The child is perfectly formed and apparently is strong. Mrs. Eva Roote of Aurora is the mother.

Spanish Cabinet Resigns  
Madrid, Jan. 1.—Count Romanones handed the king the resignation of the cabinet.

An Obliging Robber  
Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 2.—A burglar, who stole a tin box filled with papers and bank books from Maurice Lowenberg, returned them by prepaid express from Jersey City.

Senate Moves For China  
Washington, Jan. 3.—Immediate recognition of the new Chinese republic by the United States was asked in a resolution by Senator Bacon,

## FRANK M. RYAN

President of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Association



### PARCELS POST STARTS

First Package Is Mailed by Postmaster General Hitchcock

Washington, Jan. 1.—As the clocks ticked off the first second of 1913, Postmaster General Hitchcock inaugurated a new era in the American postal service by depositing in the Washington postoffice the first package to be included in the domestic parcels post service.

The strokes of the last hour of 1912 were dying away when the postmaster general stepped up to the window under the newly painted inscription "Parcels Post Packages," and handed in the official "first package." At the same moment the parcels post service was opened for business in every postoffice in the United States.

### AEROPLANE LANDS ON BOSTON COMMON

Young Aviator Performs Feat Thought Impossible

Boston, Jan. 3.—Harry K. Jones sailed from Saugus, and landed on Boston common after a thrilling flight. It was the first aeroplane ever to land on the common. Lincoln Beachey landed there five years ago in a dirigible balloon. Aviators had declared it impossible to land safely in an aeroplane on the common.

Jones whirled or "coasted" from a height of 2000 feet in his final flight, landing on the playground.

During his trip from Saugus Jones was lost in the fog, and not until he spied the top of Bunker Hill monument, sticking its apex above the mist, did he know where he was.

Jones, who is 21, has made thirty-two flights. For several days he has planned the trip to the common, but several aviators discouraged him.

### PLEDGES AID TO WOMEN

Sulzer Formally Receives "Message" From Suffragette Army

Albany, Dec. 31.—The object of the walk of the suffragette army from New York to Albany was accomplished when, after "General" Rosalie Jones had placed the "message" in the hands of Governor-elect Sulzer, he pledged his co-operation for the cause of equal suffrage.

"The message," the context of which was kept secret until Sulzer saw it, said:

"The suffrage hosts of the Empire State send greetings and renewed congratulations to Governor William L. Sulzer, and express the earnest hope that his administration may be distinguished by the speedy passage of woman suffrage amendment."

### DAVIE STAYS IN PRISON

Governor's Council Refuses to Pardon the "Boy Broker"

Boston, Jan. 2.—After considering the reports of the physicians, the executive council voted unanimously that a pardon be not granted Robert E. Davie, the "boy broker."

The gist of the medical commission's report was that "while Davie's condition of lowered vitality renders him more susceptible to disease, our findings do not show a state of health at present lessening life."

### LOSE FIFTH OF SALARY

Chicago Council Cuts Pay of Twenty Thousand City Employees

Chicago, Jan. 3.—Twenty thousand city employees suffered a cut of 20 percent in their salaries by the action of the city council at a special meeting. Practically every employee of the municipality is affected.

Mayor Harrison, whose salary, like those of a few others in high authority, was not affected, stated he would voluntarily remit 20 percent of his pay.

### GRANTED WRIT OF ERROR

Case of Convicted Dynamiters Going Before Court of Appeals

Indianapolis, Jan. 3.—After attorneys for the thirty-three convicted dynamite conspirators had withdrawn their application for a writ of superseas, Federal Judge Anderson granted their prayer for a writ of error.

The granting of the writ of error means the request for a writ of superseas will be taken before a judge of the United States court of appeals.

## TERMS OFFERED BY THE ALLIES

The Only Ones Which Will Be Accepted by Them

### DANEFF UTTERS A WARNING

Says Adrianople Is Vital Point to Bulgarians and Greece Must Have Some Islands in Aegean Sea—Rehad Pasha Declares Turkey Cannot Yield on Either Proposition

London, Jan. 3.—The peace negotiations between the Balkan and the Turkish envoys will be broken off, according to Dr. Daneff, the chief of the Bulgarian delegation, unless the map which the Turkish delegation is preparing showing the proposed boundary between Bulgaria and Turkey should prove to be in accordance with the terms laid down by the allies.

Dr. Daneff, in the course of an interview, said:

"The future of Adrianople is one of the most vital points in the negotiations, and as far as I can see no improvement of the situation in regard to it is to be expected, when the new map is drawn up by the Turkish delegation, of the proposed rectification of the boundary between Bulgaria and Turkey."

"If we find at tomorrow's meeting of the conference that the Turkish map is not in accordance with the terms offered by the allies and is unsatisfactory to us, the negotiations will be broken off."

"The second difficulty is in connection with the matter of the islands in the Aegean sea. There again we will insist upon our terms."

Rehad Pasha, the leader of the Turkish plenipotentiaries, was equally emphatic on the subject of Adrianople.

"We have ceded Macedonia in a spirit of conciliation and with the desire to avoid a renewal of the war," he said, "On two questions, however, we will not yet yield. We will give up neither Adrianople nor the islands in the Aegean sea."

The Aegeans, it is thought, may eventually be divided among the disputants.

In any case, the danger of a resumption of hostilities is regarded as eliminated, and the threats of a renewal of the war by various delegates may be taken as merely the playing of cards in the diplomatic game.

Another meeting of the ambassadors of France, Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary and Italy was held at the foreign office yesterday afternoon, when the Balkan situation was again the subject of informal "conversations."

It seems likely, in the view of diplomatic circles, that the problem of the disposition of the islands in the Aegean sea will be solved by the European ambassadors who, it is thought, will divide the islands among the disputants. Those of strategic importance, like Tenedos, Lemnos and Mytilene, commanding the entrance to the Dardanelles straits, probably will remain in Turkish hands; others, like Chios and Samos, are likely to be given practical autonomy under the nominal sovereignty of the sultan of Turkey; while Greece, in all likelihood, will obtain possession of the rest, including Crete.

### TWO UNDER HEAVY BAL

Craig Held in \$15,000 and Ragsdale in \$10,000 in Knabe Case

Indianapolis, Jan. 2.—A. M. Ragsdale, the undertaker, who, with Dr. William B. Craig, head of a veterinary college, was indicted for connection with the death of Dr. Helene Knabe on Oct. 23, 1911, is under \$10,000 bond. Craig, who was indicted for murder, was released under \$15,000 bond.

Ragsdale is accused of being an accessory after the fact, it being charged that he destroyed evidence in the case.

### ISMAY TO STEP OUT

Resignation of White Star Line Head to Take Effect June 30

London, Jan. 1.—The long expected resignation of J. Bruce Ismay from his position as chairman and managing director of the White Star Line is announced. It will take effect June 30.

Harold A. Sanderson, first vice president of the International Mercantile Marine company and a director of the White Star line, will succeed Ismay.

Oldest Newsboy Dies at 103  
Joliet, Ill., Jan. 3.—Carsamus Paige, believed to be the oldest newsboy in the world, died at his home here, aged 103 years. Paige sold his papers in the streets up to a few days ago, when he was taken ill.

Five Children at One Birth  
Abbeville, La., Jan. 3.—Five male children, two of them dead, were born to Mrs. Audrey Lassen, 23 years old. Mrs. Lassen has three other children, two of whom are twins.

Prince Albert at Foot of Class  
London, Jan. 3.—Prince Albert, son of King George, stood sixteenth in order of merit in a list of sixty-five persons who underwent an examination for naval cadets.

Stella—Does she live from hand to mouth?  
Bella—No. From ear to mouth.—New York Sun.

## SAMUEL D. FELKER

Democrat Is Elected to the New Hampshire Governorship



### IS GOING TO GERMANY

Castro Willing to Depart From America of His Own Accord

New York, Jan. 3.—Cipriano Castro, ex-president of Venezuela, engaged passage yesterday afternoon on the steamship America, sailing for Hamburg tomorrow. His valet will accompany him.

No formal charge to warrant his detention has been made against Castro beyond the report of La Touraine's surgeon, that his physical condition made it advisable pending further medical examination.

Before the decision of the immigration authorities was announced, Castro declared he was willing to go back to Europe of his own accord.

### RUSSIAN BONDAGE LEGALLY ABANDONED

Council of the Empire Frees Last of the Serfs

St. Petersburg, Jan. 3.—The council of the empire adopted a law abolishing the last vestiges of serfdom in Russia. When the rescript of emancipation was issued in 1861 the Caucasus was excepted from its provisions on account of special conditions there and temporary transitional measures were instituted pending the adoption of the most suitable method for giving the serfs their freedom.

This transitional stage now, after half a century, has been terminated, though there was still opposition to its being abolished. Premier Kokovsov personally appeared before the council of the empire to urge the adoption of the new law. It already has passed the duma.

### SEARCH IS KEPT UP

Prison Officials Looking For Tool Which Was Used by Pomeroy

Boston, Jan. 2.—Warden Bridges has renewed his search at state prison for the tool with which Jesse Pomeroy cut the steel bars of his cell and escaped into the corridor, despite Pomeroy's declaration that he had destroyed the implement he used.

The warden refuses to believe Pomeroy did not have an accomplice. Every man and cell in the prison will be searched. If necessary, to find the tool with which Pomeroy cut the bars. Pomeroy declared it took him three years to cut the bars and that he threw the bits of the tool away. He refused to say how he had destroyed the implement.

### BABY'S ECZEMA SPREAD TO FACE

Broke Out on Neck in Pimples, Scaly, and Very Unsightly. Red, Raw and Itching. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Was Cured.

Cambridge Center, Me.—"My baby had eczema break out on her neck when about four months of age. It broke out in the form of pimples, and in a day or two was scaly. When the scales came off it left the skin very dark red and indeed very unsightly. It spread to her face and chest and was very red and raw. It itched and she tried to scratch it. I used two boxes of salve but without effect, and having heard of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment decided to try them. Her neck and chest were very bad. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap night and morning, and in two months' time she was completely cured. She is a year old and her neck is as smooth and white as though she had never had eczema. I have perfect faith in the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Geo. W. Emery, Feb. 5, 1912.

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath; to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, a common cause of these distressing facial eruptions. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

For tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

## In Remitting By Mail

It is one of the greatest sources of convenience to pay bills by check.

It not only save time and expense, but furnishes the most valid receipt.

We cordially invite your account subject to check.

## Newport Trust Company

303 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Capital \$300,000.00

Surplus and Profits \$140,389.

## CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

A Full Line of all the

NEW AND

Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

and Now is the Time to LOOK UP AND SEE WHAT SEED IS WANTED.

FOR SALE BY

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IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Will not leak Water Acid and Alkali Proof Waterproof and time-defying Requires no painting for many years Coated both sides, won't rot underneath Can be applied over old roofs Elastic and Flexible Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

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WHO DOES IT?

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STANDARD COURSES IN:

Agriculture Engineering Applied Science Home Economics

B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in:

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Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board \$3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 84 cents per week. Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful; healthful and accessible. Address: STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R. I.

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Diamond Hill BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST.

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-77 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper, to hire or manage successful country house. W. G. REED, 10-17 West 4th St., N. Y.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Before you kiss me, Harry, let me tell you that Fred has given Kitty a diamond ring. You have never given me one."

"Dearest, it is only girls who are not precious to themselves who require the aid of precious stones."

"Oh, you may kiss me twice, Horace."

"I suppose the price of bread will go up, too."

"Well, you know bread is never good unless it rises."—Baltimore American.

## THREE SONGS.

They Will Live Above All Others In the Man Who Heard Them.

The brilliant, fashionably clad audience roared an ovation to the great singer. She was unquestionably the best soprano in the world. The critic turned to his friend, the self-made millionaire, and said:

"Did you ever hear any song more exquisitely rendered?"

"Yes," said the rich man musingly, for he was touched by the magic of what he had heard. "Yes; I have heard three greater singers."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the critic.

"The first was years ago. The singer was plain of face and gray of hair and tired of body. There was much work to do and many little mouths to feed. I was the youngest child, sick and cross, and that dear singer crooned to me a lullaby, and I slept. It was a wonderful song."

"The next was years afterward. We had a little cottage. It was summer, and the windows and doors were open. My wife was in the kitchen preparing supper. She was singing something about her true love coming home to her. It was for me. And that, too, was a wonderful song."

"Some more years elapse. There is a little toddler in the garden, and she sings hesitantly something about daddy and his baby."

"These are the three singers, my friend, who beat all your Tetractyls." And the critic? Well, perhaps the critic agreed with him.—Albany Times-Union.

## LIQUID AIR.

The Way It Acts as a Preservative of Animal Matter.

It is sometimes necessary to preserve parts of a human body or of some other animal for the purpose of testing for the presence of poisons. In such cases the preservative must fulfill certain special requirements. It must be able to prevent absolutely any decay or putrefaction; it must not itself cause any change in the tissues, either structural or chemical; it must not introduce any substance that would in any way interfere with the subsequent tests or give rise to false conclusions, and it must be easily handled.

Liquid air has been found to be quite well adapted to this use. Its low temperature (about 400 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit) prevents absolutely all putrefaction as well as all other chemical change. At the same time, it prevents the evaporation of any volatile substance that may be present, such as carbon monoxide or hydrocyanic acid gas. Experiments have shown that the most delicate tissues, such as glands and brain, are quite unaffected by being placed in liquid air for a long time, and the tissues even retain their natural colors.

For the purpose of making chemical tests in a piece of tissue it is frequently necessary to cut the material up into very small pieces. Tissues that have been preserved in liquid air are frozen so hard that they may be ground up into a fine powder.—Harper's.

## Tilth of the Ancient Greeks.

As delicacies the Greeks ate young foxes caught in the autumn, robins and sparrows and certain kinds of fish snared by moonlight. There is a scrap of an old Greek comedy in which a cook boasts of frying a fish so exquisitely that it threw him grateful looks from the pan. A famous Greek dish was the Trojan pig, half of it boiled and the other half roasted. It was stuffed with eggs, oysters and thrushes. The Romans ate smallest-giant monsters—fattened until their shells held an incredible amount of snail. The kettle in a high class Roman kitchen was often shaped like an elephant's head. The water was poured through the trunk. The gridiron might be a huge silver spider or a skeleton fish.

## Oysters as They Grow.

When young oysters first appear they are called "spat" and are no larger than a pinhead. At the age of one year they are known as "brood" and a bushel measure will hold about 6,400 of them. When they are three years old they are designated as "ware" and the 6,400 of them will then fill three oyster bushel measures. They are not ready for market until they are four years old, and then they have arrived to a dignity of proportion that if the bushel of broods has not lost any of its members it will require nearly seven of such measures to carry them to market.

## Uncle Bonbon.

An elderly beau had been delivering himself of certain forcible home truths when lecturing his nephew.

"Wonderful chap, your uncle," observed a friend when the old gentleman had disappeared. "So well preserved."

"I don't know so much about his being well preserved," growled the offended nephew, "but he is unpleasantly crumbly."—Youth's Companion.

## A Debated Definition.

"A gentleman," says a contemporary, "is a man who feels uncomfortable while he sits in a car and sees a woman hang on to a strap."

Not so, brother. A gentleman doesn't keep his seat long enough to feel uncomfortable.—Boston Transcript.

## No Returns Wanted.

"E says to me, 'Why don't yer 'it 'im?'" "It 'im," I says. "What's the use of my 'it'ing 'im?" "Ed 'it me back again!"—London Tatler.

Mrs. Eze. I understand your daughter Jessie has changed her name to "Jessica."

Mrs. Wye. Yes.

Mrs. Eze. Well, I wish she hadn't. She's put the crazy notion into my Jessie's head to call herself "Jessica."

You know where little boys go to when they smoke?

"Yes; up so alley."—New York Journal.

## HIGH COST OF LIVING.

If one goes on the assumption that the fall in the value of money is due largely to natural causes, namely, an increase in demand for commodities, it must follow that as soon as producers become aware of this demand there will be a quick expansion of production with a resulting sharp fall in prices. I took for a "boom" period before long, when ever the cost of living is high, and in Chile we are troubled with the high prices as well as Americans. —Ricardo Sanchez Cruz, Chilean Economic Expert.

## WORSHIP OF WEALTH.

Commerce has set the mark of self-interest. The sign of its all-enveloping power. Upon a shining ore and called it gold. Before whose image bow the vulgar great. The vainly rich, the miserable poor. The mob of peasants, nobles, priests and kings. And with blind feelings reverence the power. That craves them to the dust of misery. But in the temple of their blind hearts Gold is a living god and rules in scorn All earthly things but virtue. —Shelley.

## DIVORCE.

There is this new fashion of divorce. I am married to a woman, and because I do not like the way she wears her hair, because she slips out of true, because she will not go anywhere with me, I say that she is no wife of mine; that I will divorce her—trifles, nothing but trifles, yet ever gaining an ignoble importance in the childless marriage. The average divorce is simply an exhibition of the most deplorable lack of self-restraint. When Rome grew rich and mercenary and pleasure loving, when she forgot the sanctities of the home and of virtuous living, when she defied nature and the sacred, normal human instincts, and impulses, when she became a mass of greed and corruption, she was smothered! I think that God will wait and look on only a little while longer and then he will send his thunderbolt. —Cosmo Hamilton.

## LIFE WORK.

Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose. He has found it and will follow it. How as the free flowing channel dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud swamp of one's existence, like an ever deepening river there, it runs, and flows, draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade, making, instead of pestilent swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear, flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small. Labor is life. From the fondest heart of the worker rises his God given force, the sacred, celestial life essence breathed into his being by Almighty God; from his fondest soul awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, self knowledge, and much else, so soon as work fully begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working—cleave thou to that, for nature herself necessitates that, says "Yes" to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working. The rest is, yet all a hypothesis of knowledge, a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic—vortices till we try it and fix it. Doubt of whatever kind can be ended by action alone.—Thomas Carlyle.

## VOLTAIRE'S SAYINGS.

Take revenge upon a rival by surpassing him.

Minutes are good, but to reduce a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of our enemies, these are greater miracles.

Having it clearly in your heart that all men are equal and in your head that the exterior distinguishes them, you can get on very well in the world.

Work is often the father of pleasure. I pity the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure. Happiness is a good that nature sells us.

Optimism rules the world, and wise men rule opinion.

Most men die without having lived.

I know no great men except those who have rendered some great service to the human race.

The more you know the less sure you are.—Voltaire.

That fellow cut me out in a very underhand way."

"You are going to the wedding?"

"Yes, I may get a chance to roast him with an old shoe."—Exchange.

He. What do you women do at your club? She. Talk about the faults of you men. What do you do at yours? He. Try to forget the faults of you women.—Boston Transcript.

## GREEK STRATAGEM.

Military Tactics That Won Where Strength Was Lacking.

After the decline of Rome the center of the world's military progress was for seven or eight centuries transferred to the Greek empire. Constantinople ruled elements of a much less homogeneous nature than Rome, in her prime had depended upon. There was less loyalty to the central rule there and far less liberty under it.

The decisive military fact of the east was, however, that Byzantium had to contend against overwhelming numerical superiority in its enemies. South of it, from the Indies to the Atlantic, was the Saracen empire, burning with the zeal of a new religion. To the east were the Seljuk Turks, while to the north were the Bulgarians and the Slavonian and Hunic tribes.

Against such odds it was useless simply to match man for man. The military leaders of the empire were full of military spirit and took keen delight in war as a game, but they were the descendants of Ulysses, and they made of war a game of finesse, of cleverness—in short, a war of wits. By their spying and bribes, by stirring up treason in the enemy's camp, by surprises, simulated retreats and ambushes, they illustrated the saying of Bacon that stratagem is a weaker kind of policy used by those who are not strong enough to win by fairer methods.—Edward D. Jones in Engineering Magazine.

## THE GAME OF GOLF.

It is a Very Serious Matter With the Real Golf Enthusiast.

In life and the loathing every one plays golf—men of leisure, workmen and loafers, the last class producing the finest players. Many of the Scotch towns have public courses, and even where they are private the artisan clubs may use them on generous terms. Says Stewart Dick in "The Pageant of the North":

"There is something very Scotch about the Scotch golfer. He seems to suit the leisurely and contemplative game. 'Keep your eye on the ball,' 'Slow back' and 'Aye be up' are written all over him. As a nation one would say the Scotch were professional, the English amateur, golfers, for there should be nothing dilettante about the game of golf.

"How serious a matter it is may be judged from the old story of the Scotch minister. Emerging after a hot and unhalloved strife in the pulpit, his profane words still echoing in his ears, he mops his heated brow and exclaims bitterly:

"Ah manna gie it up! Ah manna gie it up!"

"What?" cries his partner in consternation. "Gie up golf?"

"No," he replies, with sublime scorn, "gie up the meelstray!"

"This is the real old golfing spirit which still survives round the shores of the Forth."

## The Peacock at Home.

The real home of peacocks or peafowls is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As the birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail and are called the tail coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible. Job mentions them, and they are mentioned, too, in 1 Kings x. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousands of peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The braves of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

## The Mystery of Sleep.

It is impossible to give any precise explanation of the phenomenon of sleep. Yet many theories have been advanced. Legendre has shown by fairly conclusive arguments that it is due neither to "brain pallor," nor to intoxication by carbonic acid, nor to the presence of narcotic substances in the blood, theories that have been in turn advanced. Legendre estimates his preference for the view that sleep is not the result of fatigue, but is an inherited instinct designed to protect the organism against the ill effects of fatigue.—Harper's.

## The Aleutian Islands.

Until the time of Peter the Great the Aleutian Islands were unknown. The famous Russian monarch, consumed with curiosity as to the distance between Asia and America, started, in 1733, the first of the expeditions that at last revealed those taunts of the bear, the beaver, the ermine and the seal. But Captain Cook told more about the islands than did all the Russian explorers before him.

## Opportunity.

"Opportunity really knocks at many a door."

"Then why don't more of us succeed better?"

"The trouble is that Opportunity wants us to go to work."—Pittsburgh Post.

## Anticipation.

Mrs. Justwed—Just think of it, dear! I was twenty-five years from day before yesterday will be our silver anniversary!"—Judge.

## Never Tried.

Heck—Does your wife get angry if she is interrupted while talking? Heck—How should I know!—Boston Transcript.

"Do you believe the pen is mightier than the sword?"

"Of course it is. Who ever had to pay \$25,000 damages in a breach of promise case on account of the sword he carried?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"That young Galey is a chip of the old block, isn't he?"

"Rather a tooth of the old rake."—Judge.

## The Darkest Hour.

The darkest hour is when you find that all your coin is spent and nothing but your timepiece stands between you and the rent. You never know its value till you pay the old thing over. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

The darkest hour is when you find the team three runs behind. And batten down the atmosphere as if they had gone blind. You never know the value of a solid three base clout. Until the bags are filled with waiting men and two are out. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

The darkest hour is when you find your dome devoid of themes. When nothing seems to make a joke in spite of all your schemes. You take your shears and pen and add unto some other's stock. (The darkest hour is passing now—five forty-five o'clock.) —Buffalo News.

The darkest hour, we think, is when the wife of any man finds when he comes in off the road a dainty, fragile fan in his inside coat pocket. Oh, the wicked ways of men! It's time for us to go home and explain that fan again. —Houston Post.

## Rapid Work.

Residents in rival cities, Jones and Brown were bragging loud about the excellences of their respective homes. "Take our fire brigade," said Jones after an hour's heated discussion. "Do you know, the other day a fire broke out in our town and within three minutes the engine came along, but it was going so fast that the driver couldn't pull up till he was a mile past the burning house?"

Brown smiled in a superior fashion. "My dear fellow, that's nothing," he said. "One day two men were working on a church steeple in my city and suddenly one of them slipped. A terrible death would have been his, only, fortunately, a spectator had the presence of mind to call the fire brigade on the telephone, and they came just in time to catch him in a blanket."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Man's Fall Bonnet Recipe.

First you get your price mark, and be sure it is high enough. Lay it carefully aside, then choose the other stuff. Take some velvet and some wire, some ribbons and some lace. Twist the wire and weave till you've got it for your base.

Save the price mark carefully. Be sure that it is high. Get a plume and droop it so it strikes an ear, or eye.

Put a glassware buckle on, and later, if you choose, Grab some artificial blooms of most unearthly hues.

Mix the whole thing thoroughly and practice saying: "There! With another switch and puff it's just what you should wear."

Now the crucial test has come. Be steady on your feet! Put the price mark on the hat, and then it is complete. —Chicago Post.

## Modern Morals.

Bishop Wilson said the other day that the morality of politicians was not all that could be desired.

"In politics, as in some lines of business," he continued, "the remark of the very cynical young woman holds true."

"So you are going to marry George at last," she said to a friend. "What is he like?"

"He is the most upright, high minded, honorable fellow in the world," was the enthusiastic reply.

"Goodness, my dear!" said the pretty cynic. "You'll starve to death!"—Washington Star.

## Speaking of Coal.

"I have to raise the price of coal," the retail dealer said. "The operators and the roads have got retailers dead. As for our profits, my dear sir, 'They've knocked them in the head.'"

"We've not advanced the price of coal," the operators say. "The rates as per our circular are still in force today. We haven't asked the retail trade a nickel more to pay."

Yes, truth is mighty, as you've heard, and always must prevail. But in this case it seems hard work to get upon its trail. Meantime the price of coal goes up on bushel, ton and rail. —New York Press.

## In the Nick of Time.

Woman (excitedly)—Have you filed my application for a divorce yet?

Lawyer—No, ma'am, but I am at work on the papers now.

Woman—Think fortune, I am not too late! Destroy all papers and evidence at once, please.

Lawyer—A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer?

Woman—Graciously, no! He was run over and killed by a goods train this morning, and I want to retain you in my suit against the company for damages.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## The Style.

Oh, how I love the old plush hat I bought four years ago! I poke it into some new shape. It never before did know, and then it is in vogue again. Quite swell and up to date. It is the best investment that I've ever made to make of late.

This year I jumped on it a lot. And beat it up a pile. I let a car run over it. And, lo, it's right in style! —Chicago Journal.

## He Escaped.

Mrs. Newstead was fairly jubilant over her first pie. It was hubby's duty to sample it.

"Your mother never baked your father a pie like that, did she, darling?" said she as poor hubby tried to eat it.

"No, my dear," he replied. "Father is still alive and hearty."—Fun Magazine.

Mother. Do you think that the young man has saved anything?

Daughter. Oh, he must have, mamma; he says he never courted a girl before.

"Has his family got a skeleton in its closet?"

"I don't know about what they've got in the closet, but they've got one in a hobble skirt."

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

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## PHEASANT NURSERIES.

Those in French Forest Equal Institutions For Human Beings.

To Louis XIV, France is said to be indebted for the importation of its pheasants, writes Little Hamilton French in the Century. On that side of the forest Compiègne nearest to Compiègne itself is a fabled area covering many hundreds of acres in which the breeding of these birds, begun under his protection and further encouraged by Charles X. and Louis Philippe, is now carried on by a private person, who rents his right to do so from the state.

I have never seen a place so shut in and protected by wire fences and locked gates, stone walls and more gates, special guards in special houses, police dogs, guns and traps. There is even a thick kind of double mattress made to cover the guards, who in winter must sleep out of doors in watching for poachers. I have never seen institutions for human beings better planned in the way of nurseries, and attendants, hygienic laws and systems of feeding.

The pheasants when finally shot must have a wonderful flavor, and in a single day as many as a thousand are often shot within those walls, each one of the thousand having cost its owner the sum of 40 francs to raise.

## SAVED THE COLORS.

A Hero Who Was Buried Wrapped in His Flag by the Enemy.

During the Austro-Prussian war a body of Prussian soldiers came upon a ditch half full of wounded and dying Austrians. Among those who were badly wounded was a young officer. They found him lying on his back in the wet ditch. Touched with pity for him, some of the Prussians went to him and wished to remove him so that he might be attended to by the surgeon. But he begged them to leave him alone, telling them that he felt quite comfortable. Soon after this he died. Then when they lifted his body they found why he had begged them to leave him alone. He had been the standard bearer for his regiment.

In the terrible battle of the day the flag had been torn into tatters, and when he was sore wounded so that he soon must die his soldier spirit was still strong within him, and rather than let the "bit of rag" fall into the enemy's hand he folded it up and placed it beneath him, so that none might see it. This was why he would not let himself be moved by the kindly Prussian soldiers. He would die protecting the precious flag.

His foes were so touched by his noble action that they would not take away the trophy, but wrapped it around him that it might be buried with him.

## Missouri and Iron.

Missouri was the first state west of Ohio to mine and smelt iron, a small charcoal furnace having been erected in 1815.

## Lofty Golf Course.

Gyantse, in Tibet, boasts the highest golf course in the world. The next highest is the course at Gilmere, in the Himalayas, which is 8,500 feet above the sea level, but Gilmere, standing at a height of 13,100 feet, easily bears off the palm for golf at a high altitude.

## Costa Rica's Beggars.

In Costa Rica the beggars are privileged characters on Tuesday—Gait 15, they are allowed that day of the week in which to beg from shop to shop.

## Numbered Houses.

Four hundred years ago the idea of numbering houses originated in Paris, though it was not until 1783 that the system became general. The first known instance of a London street in which houses were numbered is Prescott street, but the practice did not spread far until 1784.

## LANDS OF FIRE.

Yet Iceland and Tierra del Fuego Are Glacier Bound Regions.

It is rather singular that both of the "lands of fire" are near the cold extremes of the globe—Iceland, far to the northward, and Tierra del Fuego, remotely south.

Iceland, to the eye, seems at first glance to be better named by the cold appellation. Its glacial fields are not only numerous, but in some cases these and the connected snow stretches are hundreds of square miles in extent.

But only a little travel into the interior, say to the site of the ancient Icelandic parliament at Thingvallavatn, discloses miles upon miles of such desolation as is possible only in a "land of fire." It is a very island of volcanoes, and while they have been exceedingly well behaved for a hundred years or so, the great hot springs in the neighborhood of Reykjavik, the capital, indicate that the subterranean heat, if passive, is still very much alive.

Large glaciers also mark the "cold land of fire" at the other end of the earth. Thus each of the two parts of the universe is properly named, whether the name be warm or cold.—New York Press.

## How Frostbite Comes.

The first effect of cold on the skin is to contract the tiny vessels that connect arteries and veins. Arteries are vessels that take blood from the heart. Veins are those that bring blood back to the heart, and the connecting vessels are called capillaries. While these little vessels are contracting the skin itself becomes tauter. In a few moments or minutes the effects change. The tiny nerves whose stimulation caused contraction of the capillaries are more or less paralyzed, and the vessels dilate so the skin gets red. Soon the veins are dilated, and the skin becomes bluish. Then the nutrient fluid in the skin (the lymph) is coagulated, and the stretched skin ruptures or "chaps." If the cold is more severe its action is deeper, and the blood itself may be coagulated. This is frostbite.

## Oppressive Politeness.

M. Ernest Lavisse has turned aside from his historical labors to relate a bonnet by his friend Massenet. It was at a time when the musician was changing apartments and the historian inquired the motive of the change. "I was too well known there," Massenet replied. "Everybody was too oppressively polite. Only the other day I happened to buy a penny stamp in a tobacconist's shop. 'Pray do not trouble to carry it,' said the tobacconist. 'It will give us the greatest pleasure to send it round to you.'"—Westminster Gazette.

## Evolution of a Play.

"They tell me that plays are built up, is that so?"

"It is," answered the playwright. "Here is the method. I cop a joke. I tell it around, and it goes. Next I make a dialogue of it. Then I add a character, and it becomes a vaudeville sketch. If it still goes good we make three acts of it, and then it's a play."—Kansas City Journal.

## While He Waited.

Little Girl—Mr. Lingerlong, is a quietus something you wear? The Young Man—No, Miss Kitty. Why do you ask that? Little Girl—Cause I heard sister tell mamma the other day she was going to put a quietus on you the next time you came.—Chicago Tribune.

## Would Help Some.

"What good does it do a woman for a man to be willing to die for her?" he grumbled.

"He might carry a big life insurance, you know," she hinted.—Baltimore American.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA



# The Scrap Book

**Mulcahy's Lament.**  
Thirty-five years ago Mulcahy dispensed both liquors and politics in the Fourth ward, New York. A visitor found him civil, but doleful, his very soul rent with grief over the peculations of his barkeepers.

"Faltb, and I've tried all sorts of thim—Catholics, black Protestants and Jews. Divil a bit can I ever tell which stole the most, but I have thim now. I'm attiver buyin' this new inviolation; 'tis called a cash register, and divil burst the man who can shiel from that thim."

It was more than two weeks before the visitor called again. He found him tending bar himself, using his pockets for a till, while the cash register stood forlorn and neglected and webby on its shelf. He was calm, but there was that in his air that told of blighted hopes and the fall of an ideal. However, the calm civility of expression awarded at some vague reference to the cash register.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The curse of a Criminal be on it, on thim that made FOR A TILL, that told me it would prevent stealing. Thim barkeepers had it bated the first week; they want t'rough it like the divil want t'rough Athlone in standin' lepa."

Today,  
So here hath been dawnin'  
Another blue day.  
Think, will thou let it  
Slip useles away?

Out of eternity  
This new day is born,  
Into eternity  
At night will return.

Behold it aforesaid  
No eye ever did  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawnin'  
Another blue day.  
Think, will thou let it  
Slip useles away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

**Awkward Congratulations.**  
When James P. Smith, former governor general of the Philippines and now a member of the court of customs appeals, was practicing law in San Francisco just before the Spanish war, he was famous for the pugnacity with which he fought in court for his clients. On one occasion a judge, considering him a little too emphatic in his pugnacity, sentenced Smith to serve twenty-four hours in jail. It happened that on the same day there was made the announcement of Smith's selection as colonel of the First California militia. Just as he reached the jail the following telegram was handed to him:

"Congratulations. The right man in the right place."—Minneapolis Journal.

**His Own Manuscript.**  
George Ade in the early days of his career, before the "Fables in Slang" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor on a mission from a theatrical manager.

"I have brought you this manuscript," he began, but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted:

"Just throw the manuscript in the wastebasket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now and haven't time to do it myself."

Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed:

"I have come from the — theater, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the wastebasket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker to be read at funerals."

Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew.

**A Shad Row.**  
An unruly class in a public school reformed on a promise by the teacher to let them give a negro minstrel show in the school at the end of the term, and when the performance came off it was a howling success.

One little temporary dandy, rubbing his arm, finally attracted the attention of the interlocutor.

"Why, Mistah Jones," he exclaimed, "what's de matter wid yo' arm?"

"Wh, Mistah Jones, Ah wuz out in de Hudson ribber yesterday fo' shad, an' Ah got aish a'm lame rowin' against de tide."

"Well, wh," returned the young Mr. Jones, "Ah never saw such foolishness! Why didn't yo' let de shad row?"

—New York Herald.

"He made his part of the world so like heaven," says a Georgia obituary, "that he didn't have to ask any direction when he reached the golden streets above; no doubt he walked in and said: 'Glad to be with you, how's everybody at home?'"—Atlanta Journal.

Henpecked Man—And to think that even when I'm dead I shall have any peace. We're a family vault.

—Squire.

## A COMICAL LAWSUIT.

Odd Revenge of the Whimsical Count de Lauraguais.

The Count de Lauraguais was one of the most singular characters of a whimsical time. He was full of oddities and had a reckless spirit of daring. The boldness of his language and action once drew upon him the displeasure of Louis XVI., who banished him from Paris, but he came back on a festive day and was seen in the very face of the court walking about a free course. The king winked at the escapade. Such a culprit was incurable.

But one of the most absurd of his antics had to do with the Prince D., a very dull courtier, against whom he had a grudge. One day the count applied very gravely to a physician, asking if it were possible for a person to die of ennui.

"Such a thing," said the doctor, "would be very singular and very rare." "But what I want to know," said the count, "is would it be possible."

"Well," answered the doctor, "a long continued state of ennui might induce some disease, such as consumption, and in that sense it might cause the patient's death."

On this the consultation was written down and signed at the count's request and the fee paid.

Next he went to an advocate and asked whether he could make a legal complaint against a man who by any means whatsoever had formed a design against his life. The advocate assured him that there was not the least doubt of it and in his turn signed a declaration. Armed with these documents, the Count de Lauraguais instituted criminal proceedings against Prince D., who, he declared, had formed the design of killing him to death!

Of course the suit ended in laughter, but he had had the satisfaction of enraging his enemy.

## Sophie's Orthography.

The great Alexander Dumas was sitting at dinner with some friends. They had just complimented him upon the excellence of his kitchen. "Yes," he said reflectively, "I have a cook who is a wonder. Her name is Sophie. And do you know, she has achieved a miracle in orthography. She writes her first name without employing a single letter that belongs to it."

"But it isn't possible," said one of his guests.

"Absolutely true. I give you my word. She writes it 'Ganyf'."—Bookman.

## Acquiring a Reputation.

Archbishop Howley, who lived in the eighteenth century, most unjustly got the reputation of swearing like a trooper. The explanation is that the Duke of Cumberland, who fought the battle of Culloden and who was unspeakably profane, once went in quest of the prince to get his assistance in defeating a certain bill which he disliked. He returned to the house of lords, saying: "It's all right, my lords. I've seen the archbishop, and he says he'll see the promoters to—before he'll vote for the — bill." As a matter of fact, all the probability had been supplied quite in the ordinary run of conversation by the duke.

## Beat Her to It.

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, descended to the parlor to find the family all assembled and the pot of the

"AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

household ensconced upon the knee of the young man called, her early head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel!" the young lady exclaimed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Shan't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first."—Everybody's.

## Quite a Linguist.

An old but sturdy Irishman who had made a reputation as a gang boss was given a job with a railroad construction company at Port au Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"Allez-vous sons of guns—allez! Then, turning to the engineer, he said, 'I curse the day I ler learned their language.'—Everybody's.

Bobbi—I wonder where Mrs. Henpecke got her mannish ways? Slobb—Probably from her husband. At any rate, he has lost all his.—Philadelphia Record.

"Was it a case of love at first sight?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was a heroine."—Stray Stories.

## A Shoemaker.

The rest of the brothers—Jillwatt, Jem and sturdy Jack, and the young, grave Eben—were out in the summer scullery, hard at work; Ira, the third of the old farmer's sons, sat on a bench in the far end of the porch, making shoes.

The patriarch of the tribe, Mr. Harlowe, a bearded man, who might have come of a race of giants, and whose other sons were all like him, saw no wiser plan before him than to apprentice his own working to the shoemaker; and now, the shoemaker, being dead, Ira held his place in the village, worked at his trade, and between times found it possible to study, as few college youths ever do, and to read so his fond mother declared—everything. It was no commonplace best or possible face over which the trembling shadow of the bean vines fell, and no trade or calling could have made it so. Being a genius, this man should have repined over his fate, but he did not. The last and waxed gave him independence, and in that he rejoiced. Perhaps some boys beckoned him onward, perhaps some dreams were dreamt upon that cobble's bench which might be realized to him. Now, as he bent over his last, Miss Lillie Wharton, drawing rein at the gate beyond, thought to herself that any one with black eyes and a dimple in the chin must be beautiful, wondered why, looking for this ideal face in the parlors of Fifth avenue, at Newport and Saratoga, and in her own well-bred country circle, she had never met it until a year before, when she came to this porch to be measured for a pair of slippers, heard the tread of a crouch—always a trying thing to her nerves, because it spoke of pain and distortion and other disagreeable things and saw the (she said) had dreamt of until she was three and twenty, but had never set eyes upon, save in a picture in the Louvre.

She herself was a bright brunette, with carmine cheeks, and eyes in each of which a diamond seemed imprisoned. She looked "a creature not too fair and good for human nature's daily food," but certainly one who knew nothing of human nature's toil and pain, of poverty or grief. She was an orphan, it is true, but her parents died before she was old enough to know them, and she had been petted and flattered all her life, as heiresses are wont to be when they are as beautiful as Lillie Wharton.

"She took an unseen survey of her ideal face for a moment, and then called across the fence:

"Are you too deep in your brown study to think of shoes, Mr. Harlowe, or may I come in and be measured? But still, you see I am off Dams Dams already; she is a gentle pet lamb. What a day this is to run wild in! Were it always such weather I think we should never leave houses built only, perhaps, a vine covered porch or so, like this we're under. Put a new vine in your next verse, will you? They are so beautiful, and poets always neglect them."

"All vines are beautiful, I think," said Ira, drawing a chair forward for the lady. "I never see one but I think of a woman. I know, but a good one none the less—the vine a graceful, gentle woman; the oak a great stalwart man to whom she clings. See, our vines are doing it better. They hang upon the top of the bellies. They hang upon the long oak branches there as a bride hangs on her husband's arm. Were I a tree, I should like to be that oak, with the vines about my branches. Do such fancies come into your head, Miss Wharton?"

"He was not a great stalwart fellow, not an oak among men. The thought came into his mind that a vine might never twine about him. I cannot tell you what thought was in her eyes that she looked from him, lest he should read it, with her lashes.

"They were taking their dinner in the field yonder," she said. "As I cannot. Patience and Jane were serving it out to them—as Irish and bright as roses. How do they manage so when cooking? My cook went away a week or two ago, and I had cousins from the city come to see me, and almost killed myself over the dinner. I envy the farmers' wives their strength and energy. Yet I am no frail creature. I can ride all day, and dance all night I assure you."

"You know nothing of a work-a-day life, Miss Wharton," said Ira. "The life is always that to me—the burden, I believe as the poets say. Just a little sigh might as well be a burden on his heart might as well be a burden on it. And then he turned to her with a bright, pleasant look, and she answered with a smile as she had the truth been known, she gave to no one else. And they two fell a talking—as they always did when they were together, though only the matter of shoes made those meetings—of poetry and music and new books, and of the thoughts that grew from them. No gentleman of all Miss Wharton's set pleased her in such talk as this shoemaker did. At last Miss Wharton rode out on her pony. She smiled until she was out of sight. Then she grew grave. "Poor fellow!" she said, "poor, dear fellow! But then he is only a shoemaker."

Meanwhile the gentleman who happened to make shoes said to himself much the same thing; and when he remembered it carefully, and remembered also the child at his side who when as the stilling air fell about her curls, he swung himself down to a study of it, of woodland beside the river's brink, where he lay waist deep in the long grass and watched the sundown light.

"A fine woman should never be wooed by a poor man," he said, not bitterly, but a little sadly. "The heart should never overrule common sense. Young beauties are not apt to give their loves to crippled fellows who make shoes for them. Smiles are natural to her. She cannot help being sweet to me, for it is her nature. I am not an idiot, nor will I become so. If I could win her I would be mad to do so; and among all things fate has left out of my fortune, love is one, I doubt not."

And just then a voice behind him, seeming to echo his thoughts, cried:

"Won't you have your fortune told, sir? Give a poor old woman anything you like, and she'll tell your fortune true."

It was a queer, high-pitched voice, with a false ring to it, like the voice of the "dread old woman" in a play; and the figure he looked upon, wrapped in a great cloak, with a handkerchief about his chin, and a broad hat on his head, was a mere bundle of clothes to the twilight, but from the shadow bright black eyes peered at him—Gypsy eyes to a certainty, though Ira had never seen a Gypsy before.

"Here are the pennies," said he, "but my fortune is told already."

"I don't believe it," said the Gypsy, coming closer. "Or if it is, you can tell me whether I tell true or no. Eat! Eat! Eat! holds an awl and a last some-

times, and draws wax-rods through leather."

"In other words, I am a shoemaker," said Ira. "Of course you know you are right. Go on."

"But every shoemaker is not like you," said the Gypsy. "You read, a deal in books and you know the language they speak in far countries; and what do you do after lamps are lit?—write, write, write the things they put in books. Fat yourself out for a shoemaker!"

Ira laughed. "You are a shrewd woman," he said; "you know how to flatter."

"It's a head that has a good many things to it," said the Gypsy. "Love among the rest. You have a girl, sir; don't deny it. You like a girl very well."

"I like all girls," said Ira.

"But you like one," said the Gypsy. "Did you ever have your fortune told by a genuine Gypsy? If you have, you know she will have the truth out of you somehow, large at her pretenses as you may. Perhaps this was why Ira, feeling a little, and nothing, and so made confession."

"You saw her today," said the Gypsy.

"This time Ira flushed.

"Why didn't you say what was in your heart?" said the Gypsy. "To love a girl and never tell her so; let her the way you make your looks?"

"You have been me talking to a young lady, Miss Gypsy," said Ira.

"The stars saw it," said the Gypsy. "Lillie! Lillie! Lillie! but she'll never marry a shoemaker."

"The shoemaker knows that," said Ira.

"Other men work hard to win their loves," said the Gypsy. "You can't. Go to the great city yonder. Come back to claim her when something is written after your name besides 'shoemaker.' Your lucky stars made me to tell you that—the stars that told me that you loved her."

"And this," said Ira, touching the curtain beneath his arm, "must I know this away? Have the stars looked deep enough into hearts to know that?"

"If she is a true woman she will love you better for playing you a little," said the Gypsy, and the voice fell and faltered as she said it, and then with were still. Ira spoke first.

"Gypsy," he said, "since you can read my heart, why should I endeavor to deceive you? I do love the lady of whom you speak. Sometimes I have fancied that were I what I am to all other things—just what I am, no more, but with a name of which she might be proud, that I could win her. But I shall never seek to do it. She is rich, I am poor. That sets a barrier between us forever. She is a dainty lady; I am a shoemaker. She is beautiful. There is no beauty to a man that I could ever see, but strength; that left me long ago; I am too proud to ask all and give nothing; and though no other woman may touch my heart, only these changes could make means for her; that she should become poor as I; that she should have no status in my humble calling; that between us two should be only pure love, no pride on either side. And this can never be between a beautiful heiress, to whom social position is everything and a lone shoemaker, who comes of people neither rich nor great, who will never be either himself; and if he claims at all—he is very proud, Gypsy, but that is a capital help—would not do it for the sake of a girl who could not love him just as he stands now, or who would blush to own that love? Read the stars again, Gypsy, and find a richer, fairer, and more worthy lover for her, and leave me, as life will, the unknown cobbler, who will keep the memory of the loveliest woman who has ever met in his lonely heart forever, but will never marry or win her, unless such changes come to him as only come in fairy tales. What do the stars say, Gypsy?"

"That man's will cannot alter them," said the Gypsy, and to a moment more she had slipped away into the shadow of the trees.

Ira did not go home to supper that night, nor did he see any one to speak to until morning. He made his way to the top of a green hill that backed in the moonlight that evening, and sat there alone.

The lights in the village shone out like stars come to earth awhile and grown colder. Overhead the real stars shone with their pure diamond light. But in a house that caught his eye the lightest was that which fell through the white-curtained window of an upper room in Miss Wharton's house—her own room—where, as he knew, she sat on solitary evenings—out many, for the loneliness and noise of friends, as white heretofore was not? And the dwelling was often full of guests and resonant of merriment and laughter, and the sound of merry voices and of dancing feet. The light burned long that night, and a shadow passed between it and the curtain—a graceful, girlish shadow, with its head bent down upon its bosom as it was used to be. Yet Ira Harlowe, as he rose to go home, saw at last the light was out, and the shadow went to add for no more, said to himself, "It is well. There can be no true happiness to love while the shadow of pride or of shame falls athwart its pathway."

The next day Ira worked at his bench in the old spot under the red bean vines on the porch, and Miss Wharton's shoes were made as daintily as ever could be. But she did not ride past him Dams Dams, nor stop at this date that day, or for many days after. A servant came for the little boots at last, and paid their price with a little air of consideration proud to serve a rich people's house when they are away from home, and Miss Wharton seemed to have vanished from the gaze of the shoemaker as though she had never set him upon the porch, and talked of poetry and music and romance, and thought that without black eyes and golden hair, and a dimple in the chin, no man could be handsome.

Summer went and winter came. With winter the house in which Miss Wharton dwelt while skies were blue and breezes warm, was always empty—the village lost sight of her, as it usually did; but with the early spring there came no opening of the closed shutters, no preparation for such good company.

Instead, there came one day to the place a dry, dusty-looking man in dirty black, was posted a legal notice of some kind on the walls of the garden, and was stopping at the tavern and the property was "in chancery," and Miss Wharton in all probability a beggar. Why, the landlord could not tell, but something was said about a fine in the old gentleman's will. That, of course, meant Lillie's grandfather.

The story spread like wildfire. Ira heard it when the bean vines were only half way up their support wires. Before they had blossomed, a stage stepped before the gate one day, and from it stepped a young lady in very plain gray dress, and a plainer gray hat—Miss Wharton and no other.

Ira was at the gate in a moment. He turned pale as he took her hand. She blushed from chin to brow. Then she said to Mrs. Harlowe, whose motherly figure had followed that of her son:

"Will you take a quarter? I have come to ask you. I want to be with people I know, until I can look about me for means by which to earn my livelihood."

"If our plain way would suit you," began the father's wife.

"But Lillie interrupted her.

"I have no say now, you know. I am a poor girl who must learn to work. May I come?"

It came to pass that Miss Wharton remained at the farm house.

She dressed no more in silk attire nor were there diamonds in her ears. She went about with the daughters of the house, least of them to milk the cows and churn the golden butter and cook dinners for sturdy troops of farm hands.

Her hands were not so white, but her step was just as light, and her laugh as merry. In the evening she sang to the girls in that had filled the halls of fashion with their sweetness oftentimes, and she told the listening girls of things that she had seen and heard of amidst which she had dwelt, as a sister just returned to them might. And sometimes she sat with Ira to the shadow of the bean vines, and the two were wonderfully happy! And summer passed, and autumn came, and winter was at hand when she said to him:

"Ira, I must learn a trade, you know. Teach me to do what woman may in yours."

He looked at her quietly a moment, and then said:

"Do you really mean it?"

"Really mean it," she answered. "Why not?"

So he taught her. And the next night he laid in her lap a book, new and bright and yet unused, which he had brought with him from the city in the afternoon. She looked at the title and smiled.

"It is the story all the papers praise so," she said. "The book by the unknown author. I have wanted to read it very much. Is it really good?"

"Tell me," he said, and left her. And at her sitting, all next day, she kept the book beside her, and read it bits at a time; went over it, laughed over it, and thought to herself, "Oh, a woman's heart, what a strange thing it is! How one could love the man who wrote it!"

The book lay open on her knee, when Ira came to her side in the twilight. They were alone in the great sitting-room. All was very still and peaceful. Within the firelight lay rays upon the walls, without the nearly gray of sky and landscape mingled. Ira bent over her, and looked into her eyes. They met his, quietly and sweetly. He sat down upon the footstool at her side, and took her hand and held it. No word was spoken for a while. They heard the crisp crackle of the fire, the faint tinkling of the cowbells from the dairy yard, the whistle of some homeward going farm hand in the road without—all within was so still. At last Ira said:

"I wish I were a king, Lillie, to offer you my kingdom, but as it is, my dear, will you take me, with the nothing that I have besides?"

She answered: "If you love me, Ira, I have always loved you."

"You know that. There was a time I never thought that I should ask you to be my wife." But now I do not think you will be ashamed of the shoemaker, or worse at the sound of his 'crude.' Else I should hope that even now—just now—you would feel sure of it, and tell me so."

"Did I ever wince?" she asked.

"Yes," Lillie.

She put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "It does not matter to me whether you are king or shoemaker now," she said, "and any step would be the dearest in the world to me that told me you were coming."

That night Ira told his mother that Lillie Wharton would be his wife in June. And when the June roses were in bloom they were married—simply and quietly, as poor folks should be. But after the wedding was over, Ira gave his wife a gift.

"The book I liked so," she said, smiling. "Only the author's name is in this volume," he said; and she looked and read, "Ira Harlowe."

"I would not win you by telling you so," he said. "I shall tell you, be true and famous some time. I hope so, most of all, because you own my name."

I think she shed a tear or two. She was a tremor of glad pride.

"It is you, then, that all the world has been praising, and you never told me."

"Are you angry?" he asked.

"No," he said, "for I have my own secret. I am a rich woman still. I never have been poor. Only that one house yonder was ever taken from me. A codicil to grandpa's will, found only lately, left it to another person. I made the most of it, and had my pecuniary ruin published in the village; and I came here to learn the very truth about myself—to learn why I could not forget you—why, when great men took to me, and others flattered and made love to me, I heard only your voice, as you spoke to me on the porch there among the bean vines—why, through the sound of music and dancing feet, I heard your step and saw you beyond them all, above them all, better than them all to me. I know now—I have known a long while, that it was because I loved you. But if you must take me for being rich, I will give the money away and bind shoes forever. Are you so proud?"

"There is neither pride nor shame between us any more, darling," said Ira, "only love. And the Gypsy told the truth. What is written in the stars man cannot see; and you never meant to marry a shoemaker, nor I that you should, when she told my fortune by the water side."

"The Gypsy," she said, and looked at her husband, shyly. In a moment she saw that he needed no confession, and she made none.

"Ah, Lillie," he said, "a woman cannot disguise herself so that a man who loves her will not know her; and he kissed her very tenderly."

Shall I tell you that he is famous now, and that she is very proud of him? Shall I tell you what I think, despite all this, that they would be as happy were they still making shoes under the bean vines in the porch? Perhaps I had better say nothing about it, and bid adieu to them upon their wedding day, and leave all married lovers to finish the story to suit themselves.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## All Sorts.

"Her parents sent her to Europe in the hope that she would get over her inclination for young Hubbard." "An easier way would be for them to let her marry him."—Judge.

Bobba! I suppose there are times when all doctors have to give up their treatment. Slobb—Yes! I once knew a one who presented a nerve to a man who turned out to be a book agent.—Philadelphia Record.

"I, why are a fool and his money soon parted?" "So that a wise guy can live without working, my boy."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Lillie (What has been of one friend, Mr. Gray? Mr. Rand—he has taken employment in powder mill for six months. Miss Lillie (How angel Mr. Rand. Not at all. He wished to break himself of smoking.—Puck.

Bella (Oh, dear, the diamond in my engagement ring has got a flaw in it. George (Take no notice, darling. Love should be blind, you know. Bella (Yes, but one need not be stone blind.—National Monthly.

"Just my luck." "What's the matter now?" "I promised my wife I'd be home at 10 o'clock last night." "And couldn't make it, I suppose?" "No, I got in at just 9:45, but she was asleep and I failed to get credit for it."—Detroit Free Press.

The Vicar's Wife (inquiring after black sheep) And how is your son doing since he went to New York? (rude) (whose son has written to him from the famous New York prison) —He's gone on to China, apparently, mum. —He writes to me from Sing Sing. —London Sketch.

Briggs (I understand that Baker fell in love with the girl he married at first sight. Gunga (Yes, when he first saw her she was making a fat deposit in the savings bank. —Boston Transcript.

Patience (What is Will doing now? Patricia (He's writing breakfast-food poetry. Patience (Well, he always did write the dainty stuff.—Youkers Stateman.

Danahoe (as a rule, doesn't sing, but the closer we get to some people the smaller we find them to be. —Philadelphia Record.

Ann (severely) Why do you flirt? Can't you remember that you are a married woman? Anna (Oh, sure. But the men can't.—Puck.

The Sad Lady (I want a hat. The Almoner (Yes, madam.—"Blurred Widow?"

The Sad Lady (No, miserable wife. —The Sketch.

Mrs. Gunga (I'll say this for my husband; he does not care for other women. Miss Gunga (Indeed! No doubt he thinks that all women are alike. —Boston American.

Extract from a letter from the West: "The cold snap caught us without warning; but the blizzard blew our house down, so we have plenty now." —Boston Transcript.

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## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Questions must be stated in plain English. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. 7. Direct all communications to Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1913.

## NOTES.

**OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES.**—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

King, Sarah, of Wm. and Elizabeth, d. July 25, 1723, ag. 7 mo. 10 d.—Common ground.

King, Wm. d. Nov. 6, 1764, ag. 42 y.—Common ground.

Knight, Charles, of Daniel and Hephzibah, d. Aug. 27, 1762, ag. 1 y. 8 mo.—Common ground.

Knight, Daniel, of Daniel and Hephzibah, d. Aug. 25, 1762, ag. 0 y.—Common ground.

Knight, Mary, wife of Remington, d. Jan. 2, 1771, ag. 29 y.—Common ground.

Kuonhoven, Deborah, wife of Joseph, d. Sept. 20, 1744, ag. 67 yrs.—Common ground.

Kethy, Sarah, wife of Edward, d. Dec. 25, 1740, ag. 52 y.—Common ground.

Leicester, John, d. Dec. 13, 1717, ag. 47 yrs. 6 mo.—Common ground.

Lance, Mr. John, d. Jan. 17, 1762, ag. 62 yrs.—Common ground.

Lance, Martha, wife of John, d. Jan. 6, 1767, ag. 64 yrs.—Common ground.

Lauwerthy, Capt. Andrew, d. Apr. 17, 1770, ag. 63 yrs.—Common ground.

Laugworthy, Lydia, of Wm. and Lydia, d. May 10, 1782, ag. 10 mos. 16 d.—Common ground.

Lawrence, Robert, of Peter, and Frelove, d. Mar. 22, 1690, ag. 36 y.—Common ground.

Lawton, Charles, of Jonathan and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 26, 1720, ag. 1 y.—Common ground.

Lawton, Job, Esq., d. Mar. 14, 1780, ag. 46 yrs.—Common ground.

Lawton, Jonathan, d. Apr. 13, 1720, ag. 36.—Common ground.

Lawton, Jonathan of Jonathan and Elizabeth, d. Nov. 14, 1718, ag. 18 mos.—Common ground.

Lawton, Mary, of Jonathan and Elizabeth, d. July 3, 1711, ag. 10 mos.—Common ground.

Lawton, Priscilla, wife of Job, d. Feb. 7, 1717, ag. 49 yrs.—Common ground.

Lawton, Rebecca, of Jonathan and Elizabeth, b. Dec. 1707, d. May 29, 1716.—Common ground.

Lawton, Thomas, of Jonathan and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 7, 1718, ag. 9 mos.—Common ground.

Lawton, Thomas, of Jonathan and Elizabeth, b. Feb. 14, 1718, d. Aug. 18, 1718.—Common ground.

Lechmere, Elizabeth, wife of Nicholas, d. Jan. 12, 1768, ag. 69 yrs.—Common ground.

Lindley, Esther, of David and Esther, d. Oct. 26, 1760, ag. 2 yrs. 3 mos.—Common ground.

Lindley, John, of David and Esther, d. Apr. 18, 1760, ag. 8 yrs. 10 mos.—Common ground.

Lindley, Christopher, d. May 14, 1718, ag. 86 yrs.—Common ground.

Lisney, Anne, wife of Christopher, d. Nov. 20, 1768, ag. 63 yrs.—Common ground.

Lisburn, Elizabeth, widow, d. Oct. 23, 1788, ag. 62 yrs.—Common ground.

Littfield, Francis, of Wm. and Elizabeth, d. Dec. 3, 1787, ag. 2 yrs.—Trinity Churchyard.

Lookwood, Robert, d. Aug. 27, 1767, ag. 56 yrs.—Common ground.

Lucas, Augustus, Merchant, d. Oct. 8, 1787, ag. 59 yrs.—Common ground.

Lucas, Bathsheba, wife of Augustus, d. June 24, 1714, ag. 31 yrs.—Common ground.

Lydon, Abigail, of Col. Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 28, 1758, ag. 1 mo. 14 d.—Common ground.

Lydon, Augustus, of Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 31, 1723, ag. 1 mo. 8 d.—Common ground.

## QUERIES.

7264. **STEDMAN**—The wrong information was furnished for query 7223. It was Alexander and not Abel Stedman's ancestry wanted. Alexander married in Tudbridge, Vt., Nov. 10, 1768, Keiah Cushman, had children, Sarah; Levi; Beulah; Alexander; Eli; Tirpence; Ben; Billy; Abel; Nabby. With this added information can anyone tell me the parents of Alexander Stedman, and who Levi married? In Giles' Windsor, Joseph Stedman, Jr., has the following children given him: Levi; Timothy; Alexander, b. May 28, 1746; Joseph; Nathan; Abigail. Can anyone give me proof that there two Alexanders are one and the same?—N. R. F.

7265. **SKINNER**—Information wanted on the following for a Genealogy: Skinner, m. Elizabeth, dau. of Asa G. Atwater. Mrs. Skinner, of Mansfield, d. Jan. 1852, aged 84. (b. 1788) Ref. Christian Register (Boston) May 29, 1852. Lt. Aaron Skinner, 1809, Ontario Co. N. Y.

Abby E. Skinner, m. as 2nd w. May 29, 1845, Alexander Douglas Skinner, d. Lyme, July 22, 1862, d. Lyme, Jan. 16, 1878. Res. Marysville, O. Ref. Douglas Gene. p. 172.

Harleigh Skinner, of Winchester, m. Sept. 2, 1833, Caroline Root, of Bristol. Ref. Hist. of Torrington, Conn. Charles Skinner, 218 Broad St., Albany, N. Y., m. 1848.

Charles H. Skinner, of Mendon, m. Mar. 8, 1834, Isabel Phillips Adams, b. in Mendon, Oct. 27, 1841.

Charles W. Skinner, of Boston, took a mortgage from Andrew L. Johnson Ref. Old Res. Hist. Assoc. Vol. 4, Aug. 10, 1869.

Charles Skinner, d. May 12, 1864, aged 35 yrs. d. 1883, Member of Co. K. Ref. Hist. of Grafton.

Charles Skinner, m. Aug. 15, 1847, by Wm. G. Russell, Esq., Nancy Nicholson.

Charles William Skinner, d. Feb.

1855. Ref. Will at Riverhead, N. Y. Charles W. Skinner m. Emily S., of Elmira, Queens Co., N. Y., 1868. "The wife of Charles Skinner was b. 1838, living 1890, Res. Benton Co. Ct. He was a farmer. She was frightened by her last trip on a R. R. train. Ref. Hist. Times, June 18, 1900.

Charles E. Skinner, d. Nov. 24, 1876, aged 26 yrs. d. 1850, in Saybrook, Ct. Charles M. Skinner, of N. Y. U. sold land 1804; Ref. Riverhead, N. Y. Rec. Charles Skinner, a farmer & carpenter m. Apr. 28, 1853, Elizabeth J. dau. of Benoit & Ruth (Loudell) Hammond of Brandt Erie Co. N. Y. b. Dec. 4, 1830, Res. Seneca, Kanawha, m. Issue. Ref. Hammond Gene. p. 42.

Charles St. Clair Skinner, m. Feb. 18, 1897, Lella Marion Arbuthnot, she b. Oct. 29, 1868, Res. N. Y. U. 5 children, H. C. Law School 1890, of St. John, N. B. N. H. F.

## ANSWERS.

7234. **TILLINGHAST—CHAMPLIN**—William Tillinghast was born August 14th, 1772, Elizabeth Champlin was born December 21st, 1769, William Tillinghast and Elizabeth Champlin were married March 27th, 1790. Children: Pardon Tillinghast was born Friday, June 23rd, 1797, William Champlin Tillinghast was born on Monday, December 10th, 1798, Sarah Champlin Tillinghast was born on Sunday, May 4th, 1800, Charles Russell Tillinghast was born on Thursday, November 6th, 1801, Avis Tillinghast was born on Monday, May 10, 1803, Phoebe Champlin Tillinghast was born on Friday, May 10th, 1805.

Deaths: William Tillinghast departed this life on the 3rd day of October 1805, aged 33 years 1 month and 19 days. William Champlin Tillinghast departed this life on October 9, 1816, aged 19 years 9 months and 29 days.

Charles Russell Tillinghast departed this life February 10, 1819, aged 17 years 8 months and 14 days. Elizabeth Tillinghast departed this life on the 20th day of May 1858 in Philadelphia in the 81st year. Pardon Tillinghast departed this life in New Bedford on the 22nd day of April 1871 in his 74th year. Sarah Champlin Tillinghast departed this life in Philadelphia on the 8th of June 1876 in her 76th year. Phoebe C. Champlin departed this life in Cottage City, Sept. 1st 1881 in her 77th year. Avis C. Spooner departed this life in Taunton, Jan. 23rd 1892 in her 70th year.

(Copy of marriage certificate.) I hereby certify that William Tillinghast of Newport and Elizabeth Champlin of Newport. Daughter of William Champlin of Hopkinton, was lawfully joined together in marriage on the twenty-seventh day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety six by me.

MICHAEL EDDY, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newport.

Newport, March 27th 1796. William Tillinghast was son of Pardon and Abigail Rogers Tillinghast. Pardon Tillinghast's mother was Isabel Trip. William Champlin born August 14th 1781 and married Dec. 4th 1781 Sarah Pendleton born August 7th 1784. I have a record of their children.

Above information from Thomas Tillinghast, of 81 Walnut St. New Bedford, Mass.—J. F. D.

## MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. Robert G. Wyatt died very suddenly at his home, Fourty ay maring, having been ill with pneumonia for only a short time. He conducted a large mill near the Middletown cemetery and was well known in this town and in Newport. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. George Peabody and Mrs. Edward Oswell, and two sons, Messrs. Herbert and Benjamin Wyatt.

James R. Keene, the great Wall street financier and devotee of the turf, died at a private hospital in New York early Friday morning, following a delicate and dangerous operation performed a few hours before. He had been in poor health for some time, and his recovery was scarcely hoped for. Mr. Keene was well known in Newport, where he had spent many summers. He was the father of Foxhall Keene, the noted polo player, who was the hero of many a hard-fought game on the old polo lot here. Mr. Keene had had an eventful career, having made and lost several large fortunes. He was a man of indomitable courage and was undaunted when financial circumstances turned against him. He left a large fortune.

The Democratic National leaders are up against trouble. Six Democratic Congressmen from Massachusetts have signed a pledge to oppose any attempt to reduce the tariff on boots and shoes. One Democratic Senator from Colorado says if the reduction of the tariff interferes with the interests of his State he shall stand by the State while the other Democratic Senator from that State says, "If the party's wishes conflict with the interests of Colorado I will be bound to stick with the party." Here is party loyalty for you at the expense of patriotism.

There is at present considerable building going on in Newport, and if the buildings destroyed by fire should be replaced by new ones, as they probably will be eventually, that will make quite a number of jobs. Mrs. Fredrick Vanderbilt is spending considerable money at her estate on Haldon hill, and the contract has been let for the construction of a fine new residence for Stuart Duncan on the old Henry White place.

Work has been begun in excavating for the foundation for the new Armour building on Long wharf. The company has also taken legal steps to preserve what they claim as their rights in the south side of the wharf.

Range—How did old Heavyweight treat you when you asked him for his daughter. Acted like a pirate, didn't he?

Butte—Patrol he acted like a free-bacter.—Judge.

"Then do you have matins at the church you go to?"

"No, hey, jist piala inuolcum."—M. A. P.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in just one, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

## Look Back Mr. Business Man

Over the past twelve months and estimate the time you've lost hunting for mislaid memoranda or correspondence while customers were waiting for your attention to some important detail which no one but you could adjust, or while your employees were standing around waiting for instructions regarding work they ought to be doing. Remember your frame of mind when you went to your customers or at your men! "I wasn't conducive to best results, was it?"

## CUT IT OUT.

Want of system in your office has been the cause of more business mistakes, more fret, more worry than any other fault in your whole establishment.

## NOW LOOK FORWARD.

A new twelve month is close at hand. Put a system in your office that will free you from the mass of bothersome detail that now confronts you each minute of the day, a "finger tip-system" that places in your hand the very thing you want the instant you want it, that will place on your face that trade-winning smile for your customers and leave your mind free for the important matters of your business.

## WE HAVE THE SYSTEM.

Come in, let's talk it over.

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Got the Florist

MRS. PRESCOTT had just heard of the illness of a dear friend. She was about to leave town that morning. There was no time to call. Turning to the telephone, she got the florist and ordered a choice selection of roses sent with her card to the address of the invalid.

With out the telephone she would have been unable to do this little act of kindness.

Every Bell Telephone is a long distance station.

## PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

CONTRACT DEPT., HESPRING STREET.

## When You Come to Plan Your Summer Vacation

You'll need the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad's summer resort book. It contains a list of two thousand summer hotels and boarding cottages, and tells their location and capacity and rate per day and per week. Ask for the

## MANUAL OF SUMMER RESORTS

The easily accessible and most popular resorts of Southern New England are mentioned in this book—places where you can enjoy a most delightful vacation at very moderate cost.

Write today for a copy. Address Advertising Bureau, Room 728, South Station, Boston.

**Rayo LANTERNS**



**For the Road**

**OUR RAYO DRIVING LAMP** is the most compact and efficient lighting device for all kinds of vehicles. Will not blow out or jar out. Equipped with thumb screws, so that it is easily attached or detached. Throws a clear light 200 feet ahead. Extra large red danger signal in back. It is equipped with handle, and when detached makes a good hand lantern. Strong. Durable. Will last for years.

At Dealers Everywhere

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK**

Albany Buffalo Boston New York

"Private" John Allen went to visit an old friend at a hospital in New Orleans. The invalid was being fed on a diet of egg and cherry and Allen asked him how he liked it.

"John," said the friend, sadly, "It would be all right if the egg was as new as the cherry and the cherry as old as the egg."—Popular Magazine.

"I think, sir, that you are sitting on my hat."

"Is yours a soft or a hard hat?"

"It is a soft hat, sir."

"Then I am not sitting on it."—Meggie and her Blatter.

## For Christmas.

NOTE PAPER. CORRESPONDENCE CARDS. POCKETBOOKS, CARD CASES. BRASS DESK SETS. CALENDARS and all the latest HOLIDAY BOOKS.

## CARR'S.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Newport, ss. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Martha M. Pierce, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the said Martin M. Pierce now existing between the said Martha M. Pierce and Martin M. Pierce, now in part to the said Martha M. Pierce unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is hereby given to the said Martin M. Pierce, of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court, to be held at the Court House in Newport within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1912, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

1-16w

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Newport, ss. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Cathery A. Couch, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the said Cathery A. Couch and Stephen Couch, now in part to the said Cathery A. Couch unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is hereby given to the said Stephen Couch of the pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court, to be held at the Court House in Newport within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1912, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

1-16w

## GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, January 4th, 1912. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of MARY A. STEVENS, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-16w CHARLES C. STEVENS.

## Newport National Bank.

DIVIDEND NO. 218.

A semi-annual dividend of four and one-half per cent. has been declared payable on or after January 21, 1912.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

1-16w

## OFFICE OF THE NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Gas Light Company will be held in this office on Monday, January 13, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

A. K. QUINN, Treas.

## Island Savings Bank.

The usual Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, will be paid to the Depositors on and after January 13, 1912.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 21, 1911.

## National Exchange Bank.

DIVIDEND NO. 95.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, will be paid to the Stockholders January 20, 1912.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 26, 1911.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Board of Food and Drug Commissioners.

## Notice of Ruling.

Unless a food, condiment, drink, confection or drug product is so labeled with its name, it shall be called an IMITATION. The word "imitation" must be printed in the same style and size of type used in printing the name of the food, condiment, drink, confection or drug product in question, and immediately preceding that name, and form a part of it.

This ruling shall become effective on and after July 1, 1912.

By order of the Board of Food and Drug Commissioners.

HANK A. JACKSON, HENRY D. LENNON, JOHN E. GROFF, Commissioners.

12-25w

## ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, December 21st, 1911.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of CLARA F. TOWNSEND, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted of said estate and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

12-25w SALMON W. DAVIS.

## Meet Me at Barney's

A Few Special Bargains

In pianos on hand now.

These have been taken in exchange for our celebrated Pianola Pianos and are marked at low Figures.

It will pay you to investigate at once.

**Barney's MUSIC STORE**

140 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the National Exchange Bank of Newport, R. I.

For the election of directors, and for such other business that may lawfully come before said meeting, will be held at the bank room, 30 Washington square, Tuesday, January 14, 1912, at 3 o'clock P. M.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

12-21w

## "So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper who has turned on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed Howe Sanitary Lavatory.

Ask for information and get free booklet write today.

225 Main St. 103

GORDON CO. Bridgeport, Conn.

To a widower: "Is it true you are about to marry again?" "It's very true." "And whom do you marry?" "My dead wife's sister." "Is she handsome?" "No." "Rich?" "Not at all." "Then why have you chosen her?" "To tell you the truth, my dear friend, in reply not to change mother-in-law."—Paris Journal.

The bank clerk doesn't have to be musical, but he couldn't hold his job if he didn't know one note from another.

—Philadelphia Press.

12-21w

## TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

Notice of Application FOR

Liquor Licenses.

AT A SESSION of the Town Council of New Shoreham, held Dec. 23, 1912, applications were made for license to sell pure, spirituous, malt and intoxicating liquors, at retail only, by the following named persons: WINSTON S. DODGE—Formerly of Beach Road, near the Old Harbor in said town.

AUGUST S. SWANSON—New Harbor Pavilion, Beverly side of Conan Avenue in said town.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on MONDAY, the 5th day of